

THE
HEIR of MONTAGUE.

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THE

HEIR of MONTAGUE.

THE
H E I R
OF
MONTAGUE.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

“—Virtue never is defac’d ! unchang’d
“ By strokes of fate, she triumphs o’er distress,
“ And ev’ry bleeding wound adorns her beauty.”

CIBBER.

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"A Novel never before published."
"By the author of 'The Englishman's Boy'."
"All trying things come to us by the way."

VOL. III.



THE

Heir of Montague.

CHAP. I.

The History of Delaval.

“ I HAVE already, if I recollect right, told you some part of my history—the effect of my sorrows you are acquainted with. I am now about to submit my conduct to your judgment ; perhaps to hazard your esteem, by acquainting you with the cause, since perhaps you will not think it adequate to that effect.

Nothing, I believe, entails such misery on the offspring, as that arbitrary cruelty which has compelled the unhappy parents to wed from motives of interest or pride, when opposite inclinations must insure misery on them. Such was the state of my father—

compelled early in life to marry a rich heiress. I would not speak disrespectfully of my mother, but certainly Miss Crofts was by no means equal to my father either in education or understanding: their tastes were likewise, unfortunately, totally opposite;—my father was attached to solitude, fond of study, fond of domestic comfort; his lady, on the contrary, had been accustomed to *live in style*, as it is termed, from her birth; she had married to become a Countess, and she determined to enjoy her rank. Thus, in eternal controversy and unhappiness, were the fairest years of my poor father's life wasted: at length he had a family;—this was a source of comfort; but even this, as his children advanced in years, was denied him.

“Lionel and Anne were both disposed of at Eton and Queen-square. To this my father reluctantly agreed; but when my mother declared that I must follow, accompanied by several bitter sarcasms on my father's conduct and disposition, he made this answer, which, young as I was, made
—such was the state of my father—such

such an impression upon me, that I have never forgotten it. ‘Madam,’ said he, ‘I have agreed to your disposal of two of my children;—pardon me if I limit your power. In the fate of Conrade, whom your ladyship has been pleased to say you detest, from his personal resemblance to me, you cannot be interested; him, therefore, I will myself take charge of; he shall be that solace to my heart which I have elsewhere sought in vain.’

“My father was peremptory; and from that time I was seldom out of his sight.

“Oh Montague! let me describe the conduct of that excellent man, and bear with me, while I dwell with melancholy fondness on his memory. He had placed his whole comfort in me; in me his hopes, his joys, his affections centered; yet that affection never degenerated into weakness—those hopes never pointed to impossibilities: he was rigid, yet indulgent. When once refused, I knew no importunity would avail; and never was I refused, unless reason clearly pointed out the absurdity of my request;

request ;—yet often, when he foresaw it was not obvious, sufficiently so for my comprehension, he would suffer me to gain my wish, and rather chose I should learn experience myself, by inconvenience, than hazard my affection, by checking me with the common expression of the propriety of children's submission to the maturer judgment of parents ;—a propriety which, as they cannot comprehend, they do not acknowledge ; and they do not respect the judgment, while they detest the power which enforces it. For his own caprice, nay, even for his own pleasure, he denied me nothing ; even if he desired my company, if my inclination led me elsewhere, he opposed me not. Thus did he convince my infant judgment, that my happiness was his only wish ; thus, never compelled to be in his presence, and always meeting with smiles from him, to be with him was my chief pleasure. Observing this, attached him to me yet more closely : when overcome with vexations, the source of which it hurts me to explore, he would always seek for me, not to vent his spleen, as is the
common

common case, but to carefs me, to join in play, and, by my affection, to cheer the gloom of his mind. ‘My dear Conrade!’ he used to say, ‘come and make me merry; I believe you are the only thing in all the world which loves me.’—I weary you—I dwell too long on this subject—I talk of the days which are gone with the fondness of old age—they were some of the sweetest of my life. Feeling this affection for my father—affection which the coldness of the grave has not subdued, I have been amazed to observe how seldom instances of such affection are to be met with. I have since, however, learnt to account for this. Fathers in general are too apt to consider children as objects contemptible, or at least unimportant; their reverence, their affection, they suppose certain; they must follow as matters of course:—to take any pains to insure them would be absurd, or at least superfluous; they are looked upon as the play-things of an hour, the butts of ill-natured ridicule, or the patient sufferers of ill-humour, which dares not elsewhere vent itself. The good mother too, who, by
capricious

capricious weakness, or occasional foolish indulgence, as often, however, contrasted by restraint as absurd, yet engages some portion of their affection, always represents the father as the grand object of terror; at the same time that she vents her occasional spleen, by painting all his weakness and foibles, especially deploring their consequences to herself; until the children, from being taught to hate, learn to despise, from despising to revile. Submission becomes dreadful, every restraint is a fresh injury, and the labouring spirit looks forward to the hope of revenge. That opportunity offers; arrived at manhood—restraint ceases—now is the time, by extravagance, by debauchery, at once to assert independence, and to pay the long debts of pain and injury which have rankled inveterately in the heart. Parents have in general themselves alone to blame for the misconduct of their children; they have formed their dispositions, and then lament over their own work. Excuse my deviating; this subject has always struck my mind so forcibly, that I could not forbear enlarging a little upon it.

“ Thus

“ Thus were the earliest days of my life spent. As I grew up to youth, my father presided himself over my education:—of my mother, my brother, or my sister, I saw little; and I grieve to say, that the only uneasy moments which I knew were spent in their presence. My mother and lady Anne exercised the most cutting and cruel raillery upon me, and upon my father; and Lionel, who, while he seemed to consider *us* ridiculous, seemed likewise to think *them* contemptible, was generally silent. On these occasions, I would sometimes venture to retort; but always receiving a check from my father, accompanied with a smile, which shewed how little he was affected by their speeches, I desisted. As I yet grew older, my father entrusted me with his thoughts, and I found, with the deepest concern, that remorse preyed upon his heart. ‘I have sacrificed two of my children,’ he would say, ‘to the caprice of a woman, as destitute of principle as of understanding.’—Anne and Lionel, indeed, were become perfectly fashionable; their heads were perverted,

their hearts corrupted. Such, Montague, was the beginning of my sorrows;—every day some new folly, some new extravagance, added to the unhappiness of my poor father. Lionel associated with the most profligate of the nobility, he looked up to them as models, and he followed their examples but too exactly: the principles of virtue had never been engraven on his heart;—how then could they appear in his actions?—Bitter and dreadful reflection for a parent! my father felt it in its fullest force;—he could not blame my unhappy brother—he had followed the course which custom, which fashion, which education, had pointed out to him. He was now of age: my father hoped that even yet remonstrance might be of use to him. He took an opportunity one day, as Lionel accompanied him and myself in a walk, to represent to him the impropriety of his conduct.

“Lionel was perfectly astonished. ‘Are you serious, my Lord?’ said he.—‘Doubtless I am.’—‘Then I must suppose that your Lordship is very much misinformed, or
judges

judges very severely ;—I have done nothing but what was requisite to support my rank as your son. Look round, and you will perceive that my conduct is exactly conformable to that of my acquaintance :—your Lordship cannot suppose it possible for me to live in the retired style of Conrade ; besides, permit me to say, it is rather extraordinary, if your Lordship disapproves of my conduct, that this is the first time I have understood it.’—My father sighed. ‘ That I have yet forbore to mention it,’ said he, ‘ may, in part, be attributed to the hope I indulged, that your good sense, as it arrived at maturity, would correct it, without my interference.’—He then continued to enlarge upon the folly, and the baneful consequences of vice ; he pleaded earnestly and affectionately with my brother to reflect upon these things ; he even entreated, and represented that his own happiness was connected with the good conduct of his children.—Lionel was affected. ‘ Ah, my Lord !’ said he, ‘ why have you not always talked to me thus ? it would have been happiness, but

now it is too late; to change now is impossible—absolutely impossible;’—then, with a sigh, he left us.—Some time afterward’s we met my mother:—unusual anger and scorn sparkled in her eyes. ‘So, my Lord!’ said she, ‘I find you are not content with having one faint in your family; you would likewise persuade my Lord C. your eldest son, to turn hermit; but I believe he understands the value of his title rather better than your Lordship does that of your own.’ ‘Would to God,’ said my father, ‘that nobody else had understood it better!’ my title has been my curse!’—‘Your Lordship perhaps has forgotten it was that *alone* which procured you a splendid fortune,’ cried my mother, with a look of ineffable scorn;—‘nevertheless, (pursued she) I wish to remind you of your *honour*, if you care not for your *title*;—on that, perhaps, you may set some value. You have forgotten your promise, not to interfere with *my* son and daughter; and I must entreat that, as heretofore, you will content yourself with superintending the conduct of your favourite,

3

who,

who, fortunately, will never be *curst* with a *title*.' Her Ladyship disappeared.—'Yet,' said my father, clasping my hand, 'yet, Conrade, you must not despise your mother.'

"From this time the cloud deepened on my father's brow, and anxiety began to prey on his health. One evening, when we had been walking a long way, and had for some time been silent, he suddenly stopped, and fixing an earnest and solemn look on me, 'Conrade!' said he, 'do you think you possess fortitude?'—I was surprised, and asked an explanation.—'Unhappiness,' he continued, 'is unavoidable—you will feel it when we are separated for ever—when I shall have paid the debt of nature! you will have relations, indeed, but where will you look for a friend? In the world you shall not find one, my son, like him whom you will lose! Often, in the evening, come to this spot, and think of him;—I shall not leave many an aching heart behind—I shall but leave a space to be filled more worthily. I am weary of the scene which I have passed;

it has been strewn thick with thorns. My affections, my hopes, blasted by the avarice of my family; yet, when I shall be at rest, when I shall be far out of the reach of sorrow, my mind, wayward and inconsistent, dwells fondly on the idea, that you—that you at least will grieve when I am gone!’—He paused, and fixed a look upon me, which shocks me even now to recollect.—‘Conrade, (he continued) will you not lament my loss a little while? I know not what I answered; but my father appeared affected.—‘Forgive me, my dear son,’ said he, ‘for distressing you; it is not that I expect to die shortly that I speak thus to you; I am young—I may live many years;—but I am very melancholy, (pursued he)—Let us return—this lonely place adds to the weight of my spirits.’

“Do not wonder that I so exactly remember this conversation of my father’s;—alas! it was the last I ever heard from him: that night, the first, the best, the only friend I then possessed, was taken from me! I will not weary you, my friend, by dwelling upon

this subject; it but irritates a wound healed, but whose scar is yet tender. I remained not an instant in the house after the death of my father.

“I had compleated my eighteenth year; and now, as I had always intended, I determined to go to the university—a place, as I had understood, dedicated to seriousness, to study, and to religion. I need not tell you I was disappointed in my expectation; I now found that the college contained but few dispositions congenial to my own, and even with these I could not form a friendship adequate to my ideas. I could not, however, avoid being disappointed; my hopes were fixed upon a chimera—real friendship can scarce ever exist between persons of the same sex;—whether favours are conferred or received, we equally lose our friend. In the first case we are hated, in the other despised. I speak, however, generally—there are exceptions—such an one I found in Dalby: I was no stranger to his good qualities, and I had long lamented the unfortunate course he had taken: his own good sense, however, pointed

pointed out its folly—he had the resolution to change it entirely. At this time our intimacy commenced;—with his character you are acquainted—an eulogy from me would therefore be superfluous.

“I left the university with regret, to take possession of the very ample independence bequeathed me by my father; and now, for the first time, entered into the amusements of life.

“The seat, of which I was now possessor, was in the neighbourhood of a large and elegant country town, which was frequently graced with balls, given by a genteel neighbourhood. As I was at one of these, an acquaintance asked me if I had a mind to dance with one of the most lovely girls in the world—saying, he would introduce me. I accepted his offer with eagerness, and he led me up the room. I observed, sitting by an elderly lady, two of the sweetest figures I had ever seen; my most vivid ideas had never painted any thing half so lovely;—the innocent diffidence and awe which appeared on their countenance, the modest
simplicity

simplicity of their dress, and the graceful elegance of their manner, added to their beauty; and I warmly seconded the opinion of my friend.—We approached: ‘Lady Elstone,’ said he to the elder lady, ‘permit me to introduce to you my friend, the honourable Mr. Delaval.’—Her Ladyship received me with a gracious smile, and immediately introduced her two lovely companions by the name of St. Leger. I ventured to solicit the favour of the hand of the elder—that of the younger was already engaged by my friend.

“Never did I experience an evening of such pleasure;—the timidity of my lovely partner gradually wore away; she deigned to converse with me; and discovered such lively wit, such elegant sentiments, that, had she been the image of deformity, must have charmed. I do not give much credit to those who pretend to love at first sight: if by love we understand an impression on the heart, it must require some time to think fondly on a particular object before that impression can be made. All the admiration

tion which I felt that night for my lovely Caroline, was far inferior to that feeling, which time has since stamped upon my heart. I need not say how frequently I visited at Lady Elstone's; I was, however, but too often disappointed—her ladyship invited not her young guests half so frequently as my wishes prompted me to seek them. I was lamenting this to them one day, when the sweet Fanny, the younger sister, addressing herself to me with the most enchanting simplicity, 'And why,' said she, 'Mr. Delaval, cannot you come to *our* house sometimes? I am sure we should be very glad to see you—should we not Caroline?'—The blush on my Caroline's countenance at this question was inestimable to me.—'Certainly,' she said, 'if Mrs. Wyvern judges it proper.'—This Mrs. Wyvern, I should tell you, always accompanied these ladies in the character of an Argus; whose vigilance, however, it did not seem to require the pipe of a Mercury to charm asleep; and she most obligingly acquiesced. Recollect my situation, my
not feelings,

feelings, and do not censure me too severely, if I took advantage of the simplicity which I adored, and the improper compliance which I despised: I was very young—I thought not of the consequence—and I must confess that by far the greater part of my time was spent at the house of Mr. St. Leger. He was at that time from home, and his wife had long since paid the debt of nature; and Mrs. Wyvern, I found, was left sole directress of his family. Notwithstanding my gratitude to this lady, there was such gross impropriety in her behaviour, I could not avoid feeling contempt for her; she took every opportunity of leaving us alone; she continually proposed walks and rides to us, always contriving to attach Fanny to herself. Caroline agreed with me on this head, and, strange to tell, we mutually agreed to avoid these favours of Mrs. Wyvern as much as possible;—but I was shocked to see innocence, loveliness, and simplicity, so unfeelingly exposed; and the natural rectitude of my Caroline's heart taught her to consider such situations improper;

improper;—but I was happy, I found that my presence gave her pleasure; in short, I had many reasons to hope that my affection was returned. At the same time that there is nothing more delightful to a lover than to relate the happy meetings, and the many little circumstances so interesting to him, there is nothing so fatiguing to the hearer; I will spare you, therefore, Montague;—it is sufficient to tell you, that my visits were interrupted by a summons I received from my mother, who was dangerously ill. I attended it (perhaps I should tell you that, since my father's death, for some reasons which I could not guess, my family had been much kinder to me);—they had, however, been causelessly alarmed—my mother recovered, after a long illness, and I returned to my seat, and flew towards the house of Mr. St. Leger. I was, however, too impatient to wait until I arrived: meeting a servant, I eagerly inquired after the health of my love.—‘Lord, your honour!’ cried the fellow, ‘what, doesn’t you know that the old squire is come back, and that Miss is runned

runned away?—there's been such a to-do!' I stood aghast—I entreated him to explain, but the simpleton only stared and laughed, and said he did not understand any thing about it. I ran to the house—I asked for Mrs. Wyvern;—the maid who took my message, returned with a letter in her hand. 'Madam Wyvern,' said she, 'says as how she daresn't see you for fear of master, and she has told you her mind in this letter, which, she says, *plain's* every thing; and she axes you, and begs of you, not to be seen in these parts, now—for her sake, and for Miss's sake likewise.'—I seized the letter eagerly, and then asked to see Miss Frances. 'No,' said the girl, 'you can't see her, because she's locked up;—but go, Sir!—now pray do; for if you be seen, we and Miss and all shall get killed'—I hastened away to my own house, and broke open the letter which I have now about me." And—*bonnie* Delaval took it out of a pocket-book, and read aloud as follows:—*I don't like you*

“DEAR SIR,

“I am very sorry to have to acquaint you with circumstances which will afflict you; but

but you had better know them, that you may understand how unworthily you had placed your affections. Miss Caroline, without my knowledge, has formed a connection; and soon after her father's return, she actually eloped, and is at present (I am informed by persons of undoubted veracity) in private lodgings in town: I must suppress names, as I would not wish to engage you in any disagreeable affair; but you must not be surprised at this. Poor Caroline's simplicity and total ignorance of the world must render her an easy prey to design and profligacy;—a splendid title, immediate independence of a father, severe in the extreme—riches—every enticement which can allure a young female's heart, were things but too adequate to the conquering of early principle and early attachment. She is much to be pitied—more so, I think, than blamed;—but one thing I must request of you, in the name of the innocent Fanny, (you will not, I think, refuse her) do not be seen in this neighbourhood; it will add to the rigour of her confinement, as Mr. St.

Leger

Leger expects that (nor can I convince him to the contrary) it is with you the unhappy Caroline has eloped ; and he has heard from some persons, the ridiculous improbability, that you have engaged to assist Mr. Walford in a similar design upon Miss Fanny. The poor girl is cruelly used even now ; and if your appearance confirms the suspicions of her father, I tremble to think of the consequence. Do not suppose your meeting Mr. St. Leger will avail you or her any thing ; that same friend (I suspect who it is) has so prejudiced him against you, that he believes you capable of any falsehood ;—indeed I am certain he will not see you. Do not, then, needlessly encounter insult, I entreat you for poor Fanny's—I will add for *my* sake. remain, dear Sir,

“ Your sincere friend,

“ RACHAEL WYVERN.”

“ To you, Montague, pursued Delaval, I need not describe my feelings on reading this letter. Notwithstanding the request of Mrs. Wyvern, I determined, in my first transports

transports of rage, to see Mr. St. Leger; but then, to increase the sufferings of the sweet Fanny, and to confirm so ridiculous and disgraceful a suspicion I could not endure. I set off for London. I endeavoured, as I related to you at Brighton, to forget myself in company and dissipation; but even then, as I informed you, all was of no avail. But my misery had not yet arrived at its height:—a letter from the friend who introduced me to the Miss St. Legers confirmed it, raised it to a pitch of acuteness, of which I had before no conception: I received it at Brighton, a short time before your arrival.” Delaval took out another letter, and read as follows:—

“DEAR DELAVAL,

“ You inquire if I have seen any thing of either of the Miss St. Legers: what you suspected was perfectly just: although *I never told my love*, I must own my heart was won by the charming Fanny. She is gone I know not whither, and I am refused admittance to her father; but miserable as my
own

own fate is, I must own that I can yet look upon yours with greater compassion. Summon fortitude, my friend; it will be necessary when you shall hear what I am about to relate. I was last night at the Haymarket theatre; I had been for some time observing a very lovely girl sitting opposite; and it struck me that I had seen her somewhere before. I went round, and sat behind her. After waiting a considerable time, she by chance turned her head, and I discovered (judge of my surprise) that it was Miss Caroline St. Leger! I was on the point of speaking, when observing her companions, (my blood runs cold while I write it) I found they were two of the most infamous of their sex! I shuddered;—unwilling to be known by her when in such a situation, I retreated, and remained in melancholy reflection until the end of the entertainment. When I was going out, I met the once innocent, the lovely Caroline, the sister of my Fanny, leaning on the arm of an elegant young fellow, and walking slowly on. I turned my eyes from such a spectacle, and lost them in the

LOWE

the crowd ; but as I was going out, I again saw them, and the young man was speaking to several acquaintances : I heard him inquire for a coach, and they departed together. The set, however, remained : I was now close by them, and I heard one remark that she was a lovely girl ; to which another assented, adding that he believed she had been but a short time out of keeping, and was but just come upon the town. I hurried away ; and determined to acquaint you with this dreadful affair, that you might conquer an unhappy passion. I give you a severe remedy ; but do not be angry with the surgeon, because the operation is painful. I have, indeed, myself received a shock, which I shall not easily overcome.

“ Your sincere friend,

“ EDMUND WALFORD.”

“ P. S. I understand that absurd fool St. Leger has married that sycophant Wyvern.”

“ Now, then, Montague, was my misery complete, now was my cup filled to the brim, my heart was torn asunder. What power

power could now give me comfort? scarcely could the voice of religion; for impiously did I think that heaven, without my Caroline, could have no joys for me, and I cursed the hour I came into existence. Your friendship and that of Dalby gave me no comfort; I had no right to distress you, I therefore appeared more calm; but it was appearance only.

“One morning I received another letter in the hand of Walford: I will read it to you.

“DEAR CONRADE,

“I am happy to send you intelligence, which I think will afford you great comfort. I had for a long time been endeavouring to see the unhappy women in whose company I had seen your Caroline: I was fortunate enough to meet them at length; and by promises, bribes, and threats, I engaged them to tell me a great part of the affair. They confessed that Miss St. Leger had been with them but two days; they, however, called her by another name; they said they had

called upon her in consequence of an advertisement, and had taken her, as she wished, in the quality of a companion; that she had, they believed, disliked their conversation, and had left them very abruptly and ridiculously;—for their part, they added, they had no bad intention towards the lady; they had lodgings, and were glad to take another companion; that, as to any thing else, they had supposed the lady was perfectly acquainted with their situation; they pretended, however, or perhaps had really forgotten from whence she came. I left them.—Surely she must be innocent; yet why did she go with a young man? why did she trust herself with him? I am lost in conjecture;—but come to town instantly, my friend, and we will together endeavour to inquire into her present situation. I have yet heard nothing of Fanny.

“I remain yours, &c.

“EDMUND WALFORD.”

“It was on the receipt of this letter that I flew to town so abruptly;—but how vain must

must be our inquiry in such a place as London! yet I encouraged him, and endeavoured to see the women myself. After a long, long search, I succeeded;—we met them at the theatre; and for a handsome present, they confessed that they had met the lady in Piccadilly. This was but an insufficient direction, or rather wholly useless, and my search was as vain as before.

“One morning in November, I received this letter, directed in a female hand.”—
Delaval read as follows:—

Nov. 20, 1792.

“I have heard much of the impropriety of a clandestine correspondence; but when the happiness of a sister or a friend is at stake, surely such a punctilio may be dispensed with. Rather, perhaps, you should blame me, Mr. Delaval, that I have not taken an earlier opportunity of clearing away the imputations thrown upon my dear and unfortunate Caroline;—but I have, until this time, suffered such severe confinement, that if I had written, I had no means of conveying it to you. My father returned

soon after your departure; and I am sorry to say, his severe behaviour to my sister, owing to the infamous tales of Mrs. Wyvern, made the poor girl feel such dread at his presence, that she was compelled to leave his house, to seek shelter from his wrath: this she found in the house of a very respectable woman in Piccadilly—a Mrs. Woodburne.

Frederic started. ‘Mrs. Woodburne!’ he exclaimed. Delaval looked at him, smiled, and proceeded.

“This step you will censure as imprudent; perhaps it had been better if she had applied to Lady Elstone; but we had no adviser. I cannot believe that, under the strongest appearances of probability, you could for a moment give credit to the vile falsehoods of Mrs. Wyvern;—to contradict them, therefore, would be unnecessary. I have written to my Caroline continually; but having never received an answer, I conclude that all my letters have been intercepted—a circumstance which is very probable; and I have long been very uneasy on her account.

From

From the moment it was discovered that my sister was fled, I was confined to my chamber by my inexorable governess,—who, with the basest and most insulting raillery, told me frequently that Mr. Walford and Mr. Delaval were expecting me below, and if I pleased, she would request my father to let me see them, in order to arrange our plans. My father himself never condescended to see me. I have been at a loss to account for this extreme malice of Mrs. Wyvern, and could attribute her schemes to nothing but the love of mischief; but she had deeper designs, and my father has been the dupe of her artifice;—yes, Mr. Delaval, he has married this contemptible woman. Soon, however, after I was compelled to call this detestable woman mother, I was relieved from her presence: I was sent to an old aunt in Yorkshire—my request to be permitted to see my dear aunt in Essex was not listened to: my father had forgiven her, and I had visited her in my childhood; but he was ashamed of her poverty, and he chose not to keep up a connection with her. I will not

describe to you what ill-nature, what restraint I have endured:—thank heaven it is over. My father and his new bride have had a most dreadful quarrel; the consequence of which is, that I have been recalled and pardoned, and, what is yet better, allowed my liberty. My poor father's health is much on the decline; and I am sorry to add, that to the poor Caroline he is yet irreconcilable.

“I remain, Sir, your sincere friend,

“FANNY ST. LEGER.”

“P. S. Mrs. Woodburne resides at No. —”

“Not a word of interruption now, Montague,” pursued Delaval, half laughing; “I know what you would say; I know that I have got you among your old acquaintance.—But to proceed: I flew immediately to Mrs. Woodburne; I learnt every circumstance; I saw my Caroline cleared of every imputation, I saw that, to the friend I esteemed, I had owed obligations which no gratitude can adequately repay;—but,
alas!

alas! I found not my love; she had been gone a short time into the country, I understood; but whither, not all my entreaties could prevail upon Mrs. Woodburne to tell. —‘No, Sir,’ said she, ‘if you are not sensible of the impropriety of your visits to Miss St. Leger, without the sanction of her father’s approbation, they shall never, by my means happen under such circumstances.’—I knew not what to say to this; I could not contradict her. I shewed her Fanny’s letter: she said that Caroline had lately received one from her, which she had answered; but she supposed Miss Fanny had not received the answer when she had written to me. I requested to be permitted even to write to my Caroline; but to this Mrs. Woodburn would not consent: I retired in despair. Yet do not suppose I was so unreasonable as not to rejoice: I was restored at once to happiness—for now was every circumstance cleared. I shewed my letter to Walford, who was scarce less delighted than myself; yet I was somewhat surprised when he said he was resolved imme-

diately to wait upon Mr. St. Leger : he did so; and, in a few days, I received this letter from him :—

“DEAR DELAVAL, *Dec. 10, 1792.*

“I take the earliest opportunity of requesting you to congratulate me on my happiness;—contrary to my expectation, I was received very politely by Mr. St. Leger; he even condescended to apologise for his former incivility—alleging that I had been much misrepresented to him. At my request, he permitted me to see my Fanny : the rosy-laughing beauties of her face shone as bright as ever; she was all gaiety in her conversation, although I sometimes heard a deep sigh break from her heart when she supposed herself unobserved;—no doubt the recollection of the poor Caroline intruded upon her mind. This idea was ever a great alloy to my happiness, yet I passed a delightful day; and in the evening Mr. St Leger so warmly entreated me to remain with him the night, that I could not but consent. I took the first opportunity of being alone with

with him, and then made my proposals to him. I need not tell you I had first gained my Fanny's consent : he answered that in point of birth and fortune I was unexceptionable. ' And I suppose,' he continued, ' your father, Sir, my Lord Walford, will make proper settlements ; and, for my own part, as Fanny will be my sole heiress, I apprehend any condition on my side will be unnecessary.' I assured him it would ; and told him that, with regard to the settlement, my independence was so ample, that to apply to my father would be unnecessary ;—in short, every thing is adjusted, and a few days will see me the husband of the most lovely girl in the world. Do not suppose, however, my friend, that I or my Fanny are so interested as to wish to deprive your Caroline of her just share ;—we have pleaded for her with all the earnestness, if not with all the eloquence of Cicero, for Milo ; but, alas ! with the same success. Mr. St. Leger is inexorable ; he is separated from his new lady, and has settled an annuity on her, which is all she has to expect. Although he now

fees through all the artifice of that wretch, yet he will not pardon his unhappy daughter. When he is urged upon this subject, 'No,' he cries, 'I do not believe her connection with Lord ——'s son was true, as Wyvern represented it; but her elopement from my house at least was no contrivance of that execrable woman, and that I cannot forgive.'—He is a strange character—it is impossible to make him change his opinion; for never will he acknowledge an error. My Fanny knows the retreat of her sister; but not all my entreaties will engage her to declare it, because she knows I should immediately communicate it to you: she gave as a reason for this concealment, an entreaty of Caroline's, not to acquaint any one with the place of her retreat, until she has received her father's pardon. I am told that she has frequently written to him, but he has always burnt her letters without opening: he is at present in a bad state of health; and immediately after my marriage, we are going to Bath, to spend the winter, whither, if you have no business upon your hands of more importance,

importance, I hope you will follow us, and gratify, by your presence, your sincere friend,
EDMUND WALFORD."

"P. S. I rather think that your coming would be of great advantage, as St. Leger is now inclined to think very favourably of

"In another fortnight I received a letter from Bath, informing me of their arrival, and the marriage of my friend, repeating the invitation; which I accepted. St. Leger received me kindly;—so much had I been indebted to the good offices of Walford, who, I found, was very high in his favour. Finding that I likewise made considerable progress, I ventured to mention my Caroline to him.—‘I am sorry, Mr. Delaval,’ said he, ‘that she is unworthy of you.’—‘Rather say, Sir, that I am unworthy of her; but consent that she shall be mine, and I shall consider myself honoured and exalted.’—‘I assure you, Sir,’ said he, ‘that I have renounced her wholly; she can therefore have nothing to expect from me.’—‘I

wish to expect nothing,' I replied; 'give me but my love, and I ask nothing else.'—
'Well, young man,' said St. Leger, warmly, 'she has made herself her own mistress—I have nothing to do with her—she must do as she pleases.'—'Then, Sir, you consent.'—
'I say I have nothing to do with her—I care not any thing about her; but remember this, if you choose this connection, I must observe that all friendship and acquaintance must drop between us, and between you and my son and daughter.'—This grieved me excessively, but I was obliged to submit: to argue with Mr. St. Leger was only to irritate him, as he piqued himself upon considering what he had determined as irrevocable. I left him; and flying to Fanny, told her that I had obtained Mr. St. Leger's consent for addressing Caroline, but added, that I was not to expect any fortune with her; and
'now,' said I, 'surely, my dear Mrs. Walford, you will not refuse to inform me of her retreat?'—'No,' said she, 'you must have patience; I will write to Caroline, and inform her of what you have said; I will
likewise

likewise request her to give me permission to do what you desire, and upon her answer my conduct must depend.'—'That is very cruel.'—'Not at all;—am I not right, Edmund? ought I not to observe my sister's request, until she has herself released me from it.'—Walford smiled, but did not answer; and Mrs. Walford retired to write. 'Oh! how long did we wait for the answer! what a rack of impatience was I stretched upon! The letter, as is often the case, had been mis-sent half-a-dozen times before Caroline had received it, which, as appears by the date of her answer, did not happen until the middle of January. I have been allowed, as a very great favour, to keep the letter from my Caroline: I have it among my collection, and will read it to you:—

January 20, 1793.

"MY DEAREST FANNY,

"I have but just received your very kind letter; it has travelled up and down the country a long while. I need not say I am delighted with some part of the contents; your marriage with Mr. Walford gave me

great pleasure; I am happy that you experience a continuance of felicity—may it long remain with you, my dear girl;—but do not concern yourself with my fate—it seems decided. Could you suppose, my Fanny, that such a consent could give me pleasure? is my father so dead to all feeling, all affection towards me, that he thus, as it were, throws me upon a man he formerly detested, merely because he generously consents to accept me portionless—rather, I should say, to rid my father of me? Let my father forgive, recall me, and give me, in the face of the world, to Mr. Delaval, as the man whom he approves, and I am happy to obey; but do not think that I will consent that Delaval shall wed an outcast, whom her father is ashamed to own: I have a proud heart—my feelings have been sharpened by affliction, and I will not submit to be raised even by the man whom I esteem. Do not censure this pride—but for its support, my heart would break. To think I am deserted, that the affection of my father is gone for ever!—If I felt not injured, how could I endure
to

to reflect that I am a dagger in the heart of a parent ! It had been well, it had been happy for both, if Mr. Delaval and I had never met ;—and let us never meet again ; let him seek a worthier, a happier bride ; let him know that there is yet a heart that bears him friendship—that wishes him well ; and tell him, although separated for ever, sometimes to cast a look on the injured Caroline. Your liberality has been far beyond my demand ; I must entreat you therefore to discontinue it. I think I informed you of a part of the conduct of Mrs. Woodburne, of which I highly disapproved, and which, unless her maid had overheard, would not have come to my knowledge ;—I mean her receiving money for me of the young gentleman, Mr. Montague, and endeavouring to impose upon me by saying it came from you. I hope you have had the goodness to see this repaid, as you inform me that he and Mr. Delaval are acquainted. You will see, by what I have written, that I must still wish that my present residence may be concealed ;—but write to me oftener, my
dear

dear sister; you know every little circumstance which concerns you must be interesting to me.

“I remain, my dearest Fanny,

“Your affectionate sister,

“CAROLINE ST. LEGER.”

“How miserable did I feel upon the perusal of this letter! I thought Caroline sacrificed both our happiness to idle notions of honour, and entreated Mrs. Walford not to listen to her request; but a rock could not be more obdurate. I thought, by observing the post-mark, I might find some clue; I looked, and observed it was Chelmsford. Mad with impatience, I resolved to fly thither, and search not only that town, but the whole country, until I could find my Caroline. I merely entreated Mrs. Walford to answer me, whether she was with her aunt? to which she replied, that would have been very imprudent,—since, to choose *her* house for a residence must lead to a discovery. After again entreating, and again being refused any further lights, I set off
from

from Bath—I travelled day and night till I reached Chelmsford; but what an idle chace was I engaged in! I could hear of no such name as that of St. Leger in the town, or its vicinity; and now I had an extensive county to search. However, I thought it would be the wisest way to call upon her aunt; since, although Miss St. Leger did not reside with her, yet it was very probable that I might gain information respecting her. This lady lived very obscurely, and I had much difficulty in finding the place of her residence. I succeeded, however, at last; but, alas! I found she was from home; but the maid-servant who appeared informed me that I might see the young lady, her mistress's daughter. I begged that I might be permitted; and she introduced me into a room, where, seated at the further end, appeared a figure so nearly resembling that of my Caroline, that I exclaimed involuntarily. The young lady raised her eyes—I discovered my mistake, and apologised for my rudeness. The resemblance of features, however, was very great; and you will be surprised

surprised when I say that I thought that even the lovely face of my Caroline did not surpass that of her cousin. I now told my name, and said I came from Mrs. Walford, and wished much to speak with Miss St. Leger, upon some business of importance. 'And did my cousin Fanny,' said she, 'depute, you, Sir, to inquire into the present residence of her sister? if she has changed it lately, I am wholly ignorant of it; and, in any case, Mrs. Walford must be as well acquainted with it as myself.'—I was confounded; I acknowledged that I was not deputed by Mrs. Walford; I declared my real situation, and entreated her not to conceal from me the residence of my Caroline,—saying, that the whole happiness of my life depended upon seeing her. She interrupted me—'I am very sorry, Sir, that it is out of my power to comply with your request; you will judge how improper it would be, if you will listen to a part of a letter I received from my cousin.' She took it out, and read a similar request of secrecy to that which Mrs. Walford had received;

received ;—finding her inexorable, I quitted the house in despair, and shortly after returned to London. I should tell you that I had been too much engaged all this time to visit the Dalbys; but I had written an account of every circumstance to George, and received an answer of congratulation. I had likewise written to you; but receiving no answer, and, shortly after, understanding that you were gone to the East-Indies to visit a relation who resided there, I concluded you had not received my letter, and that it would be in vain to address another to you; and this report may plead my excuse for not waiting upon you while in your county. I now employed myself almost entirely in writing to Mr. Walford and to Fanny; but this was to little purpose;—they took no notice of my entreaties. Mrs. Walford merely related a few common occurrences; among which were, their having met Mr. St. Leger's younger sister, the mother of the young lady to whom I had applied. To this lady Fanny was much attached; and her father, who was now
evidently

evidently in a deep decline, permitted the intimacy, and condescended to receive his sister very affectionately. With such affairs were their letters filled, and a variety of other circumstances uninteresting to me," said Delaval, laughing, as he looked at Frederic. "I beg your pardon—though perhaps you may not find them so."

"Frederic was surprised.—"To me, Delaval!" said he—"interesting to me?"

"Nay, I cannot exactly say; but it would be very rude to interrupt my narrative, you know, especially as it is near its conclusion; however, as, no doubt, you are very anxious, I will read to you this very uninteresting part;—it was dated, I think, in the middle of May. Before I read it, however, I should say that, during this long space, I had been occupied in the very eligible employment of searching the county I have mentioned again and again, and in every part of it, as I supposed; but Caroline had changed her name—a circumstance I was unacquainted with. The letter was from Walford:—after mentioning the state
of

of Mr. St. Leger's health, and saying that his constitution, impaired by the intemperance in which he had indulged when abroad, was now, it was apprehended, approaching fast to decay. He proceeds thus:—

Delaval took out the letter and read.

“And now, Delaval, I think I have a piece of interesting news to acquaint you with:—I told you in a former letter that we had met with my Fanny's aunt; as St. Leger is now very fond of her, and is, as I have described, in so dangerous a state, she has been prevailed upon to accompany us to Bristol hot-wells. She was lamenting the unhappy situation of her daughter, when Fanny prevailed upon her to relate several circumstances respecting that young lady. It seems she has been attached to a young gentleman, who has, on some account, which we cannot learn, broken off the connection. You will be surprised when I tell you this young man is the same who so providentially delivered our Caroline from insult at the theatre—Mr. Montague.”

“Good heavens!” exclaimed Frederic,

“was

“was it then my Emma you spoke with? is—”

“You will be so good,” interrupted Delaval, laying down the letter, and laughing, “as to let me know when you have concluded, and I may then go on.”

Frederic begged his pardon, and he proceeded.

“We discovered the name by accident—Fanny was relating the affair of the theatre. Upon her mentioning the name of Mr. Montague, Mrs. Nevil’s surprise betrayed her; upon this, Fanny inquired if she knew any thing of the present situation of that gentleman;—she appeared embarrassed. ‘The report,’ answered she, ‘is, that he was gone abroad.’—I think there is something strangely mysterious in all this; but as it is a very delicate subject, we have not mentioned it again to Mrs. Nevil. Miss Nevil is at present with an uncle, very unhappily situated;—we have sent several very pressing invitations to her; but having received no answer, we are all very uneasy; and as you are at present *making the tour of*
Essex

Essex, we will trouble you to call upon her, and give her the inclosed from Fanny. Mrs. Nevil has written likewise; but her letter was sent before it was known I was writing to you. Mr. St. Leger unites with Fanny and myself in kind regard to you; and

“I remain, dear Delaval,

“Your affectionate brother,

“EDMUND WALFORD.

“P. S. Excuse me, my friend, if I seem to speak lightly of your anxiety; assure yourself that no endeavours on my part shall be spared to shorten its duration.”

“Wearied with idleness and disappointment, I was happy to be engaged in this new pursuit; I hastened immediately to L. the residence of Mrs. Nevil. Here I was again unlucky: Miss Nevil, I was informed, had been gone from thence some time; and I was directed to inquire for her at E. a small village, sixteen miles nearer the coast. I was going, when the servant hastily recalled me, and entreated me, if I was going to E. that I would take a letter to Miss Nevil, which

which she gave me. This I supposed, at first, was the letter of Mrs. Nevil;—but judge of my emotion, when I perceived the Chelmsford post-mark on it—the same mark which, by its appearance on the letter of my Caroline, had engaged me in so long and so fruitless a search. Comparing the direction, however, with the writing of the letter from her, I found them totally unlike.—Eh! what is the matter with you, Montague?”

“Did you?” cried Frederic, impatiently, —“were you so kind, Mr. Delaval, as to deliver the letter into her own hands?”

“What, do you know any thing of the letter?—hey! why surely, Montague, I have not unconsciously had the honour of bearing one of your billet doux!”

“I beg your pardon,” said Frederic, “for interrupting you; but pray proceed.”

“Certainly.—Well, I could not have been more careful of this charge, had I known its value to its fullest extent. I arrived, fatigued, at the house of Mr. Nevil; and entering, acquainted the first servant I
which met

met with my name, and desired him to tell Mr. Nevil that I was come with a commission to his niece from her cousin Mrs. Walford. I was most insufferably wearied in teaching the fellow to pronounce the names; and while he was gone, I heard a voice, the most discordant, exclaim, ‘Tell the *honourable* Mr. Delaval, that I and my niece have no business with him nor his high quality set; and if he be an *honourable*, I don’t want no such honour in my house.’—The man, on his return, seemed afraid to deliver his answer: I cleared him from this difficulty, by telling him I had heard it; and then entreated him to go again, telling him I wished to see Miss Nevil, as I had heard from her mother: his answer was too brutal to be repeated. I was going away, very much disconcerted, when I saw, at a door at the other end of the hall where I was, a very old woman beckoning, and at the same time making signs of silence; I went towards her—“Please, your honour,” said she, in a low voice, “you wished to see Miss Emma;—you cannot see her now; but if

you have any message to leave, I can take it—my name is Jagger.”

“I hope,” interrupted Frederic, “you gave her the letters!”

“Have patience,” said Delaval, “I was going to explain. I told her I had merely love and kind remembrance from her cousins Walford, her mother, and her uncle, together with two letters; one of which I had found for her at L. At the same time I searched for them, when I found, with inexpressible vexation, I had lost or mislaid one of them.”

“You had!” exclaimed Frederic.

“Nay, be not alarmed; it was not the letter I brought from L.—that I delivered safely into the custody of Mrs. Jagger.”

“I thank you, my friend,” cried Frederic, with revived spirits—“but pray proceed.”

“I have, fortunately, little more to add, as I assure you I am nearly wearied, and very impatient to hear your recital. Nothing occurred worth noticing from that time until yesterday, when I received this letter from Walford:—

“*Bristol,*

" Bristol, July 28, 1793.

" DEAR DELAVAL,

" The idea of one human creature rejoicing that another is deprived of existence, is indeed shocking to the mind ; yet when we find ourselves released from anxiety, from tyranny, from cruelty, and our happiness established by such an event, surely we may be excused from lamenting, although we have lost a parent. May such be the feeling, the sentiment of your Caroline, when she has read the inclosed!—let her not reproach herself; let her not regret—need I explain myself? St. Leger has at length paid the great debt of nature. By the good offices of Mrs. Nevil, he was gradually more inclined to forgive and receive again the unfortunate Caroline; nothing but pride, I believe, prevented it. He could not endure the humiliating idea of seeming to ask pardon of a child he has so much injured, as I am certain he has long since been convinced of the rectitude of her conduct. On the evening before his decease, I was sitting by his bed-side : he had for some time been

silent ; at length, ‘ Are you here, Edmund ? ’ said he.—I answered ‘ I was. ’—‘ Desire every one to withdraw except yourself. ’—I did so.—‘ Edmund, ’ he continued, ‘ I perceive I am dying. From my heart I forgive my poor Caroline ; may God forgive me as I repent my conduct towards her ! may he bless her !—and, as I have not had time to make an alteration in my will, I must rely upon your generosity, and that of Fanny, not to let the consequence of my cruelty survive me ; let Fanny divide my fortune with her ; and tell her it is my dying request that she accept of the hand of the excellent and amiable brother of Lord E. Mr. Delaval ; entreat her, if possible, to forgive me, and not to hate my memory. ’—Such were the last words I heard from him. I need not say I shall obey his injunctions—you know they coincide exactly with what was always my intention. There now remains no objection to your being acquainted with the situation of your Caroline : she has assumed the name of Miss Yelverton, and resides with the brother of Mrs. Woodburne,

burne, as his niece. Yelverton is likewise his name: he lives at a farm-house in West H—, in Essex. And now, my dear Delaval, allow me to give you joy;—in a short time you will arrive at the summit of your wishes. Poor Mrs. Nevil, inconsolable from not having heard from her daughter, left us immediately after the death of her brother; she is gone to L. I believe you have not heard that Mrs. St. Leger, formerly Wyvern, died about the beginning of April. Unhappy woman! for how short a time did she reap the fruit of her wickedness! My Fanny unites with me in my kind regards to you; and

“I remain yours sincerely,

“EDMUND WALFORD.”

“P. S. We shall attend the corpse to St. Leger House; and, after the funeral, we hope to meet you and Caroline in London.”

“I must confess no delicacy checked my raptures on receiving this letter. To have lamented the death of such a man as Mr. St. Leger, in any case, must have been mere
D 3 affectation :

affectation: I had long expected the event ; but his forgiveness even then I had not dared to hope for. I flew immediately to this place : I would have gone myself in search of my love ; but, fearing to shock her by my sudden appearance, I dispatched my man as soon as I arrived, with the letter of Fanny inclosed in one which I wrote, merely entreating her permission to see her—and I will now read her answer—it is dated last night.

Delaval took up the paper and read.

“ Excuse me, Mr. Delaval, if I am unable to comply with your request—I am unfit to receive any one : my mind, severely shocked, long harrassed as it has been by grief, is unprepared for joy or hope. Oh ! how can I build either on the ashes of a parent ! I long to embrace my dearest sister ! How many months have passed since we have met ! To-morrow is Sunday, and I must arrange some affairs before I go ;—if, on the succeeding day, you will order a proper conveyance for me, I shall be much obliged to you.

By

By the dates, I fear I shall be too late to attend the funeral of my unhappy father: I wished it, that I might shed a few tears on his grave. I must lament him, Mr. Delaval, for now he is gone for ever—in spite of all his cruelty, I feel he was my father still. In the mean time, let me assure you, the lapse of time has not changed my sentiments—your doubts are therefore injurious;—but I must entreat you not to accompany me (as you intimate to be your intention) to town: Mr. Yelverton will be kind enough, I believe, to take that office on himself—my reason for wishing this will be obvious. CAROLINE ST. LEGER.”

“ The cold dejection of this letter hurts me excessively; it is a proof of a mind severely wounded. The tenderness of Fanny will, I hope, restore comfort, and in time that I may be allowed to assist to soothe her dear afflicted heart. You will not suppose I shall attempt to see her now; I have written to assure her I will comply with her wishes in every thing; and, to-morrow, I

shall follow her to town. I cannot but say I think it would have been both more prudent and more proper for Mr. and Mrs. Walford themselves to have come; but they were impatient; and they will meet, by this arrangement, a day sooner than they otherwise could have done, as Walford cannot be in town before to-morrow night.

Thus, Montague, I have obeyed your request, and given you my history to the present day:—surely I am a great example of patience, in submitting so long to the variety of conjectures which your appearance has given rise to. Now it is your turn to explain to me why you are in England? what motive has occasioned your taking that dress, and assuming your present character?”

“I never was out of England,” answered Frederic; “and my motive for taking this dress was one of the most cogent—severe necessity.”

“Necessity!” repeated Delaval.

“Yes, Delaval, I am wholly destitute. You have heard, I believe, that I was an orphan; and he, who ought to have been
a parent

a parent to me, has turned me helpless, friendless on the world."

"Not friendless, Montague," said Delaval, with great emotion.

"I beg your pardon;—no, I was not friendless; when forsaken and undone, I yet found one friend, who assisted, who supported, who preserved me."

"I doubt it not," said Delaval. "George Dalby, I am certain, would never, in any case, abandon one whom he had once called friend."

"Of my obligations to Mr. Dalby, you shall judge when you have heard my story," said Frederic, with great indignation.

"You surprise me, Montague," said Delaval; "but as I have related every thing to you in order from the beginning, I must entreat you will follow my example."

Frederic complied; and beginning with his birth, related every occurrence since, as concisely as possible. When he had concluded, Delaval, after a long pause of reflection, requested to see the letter of George Dalby. "Allowing," said he, after having

read it, "that your request, as certainly was the case, was an extraordinary one, (and indeed, my friend, had it been complied with, would only have involved you in new difficulties) yet that pleads no excuse for the cold and even affronting manner of George in his answer; and I am sorry to observe, that the hand too nearly resembles that of several letters of his which I have, to admit of the idea that it may have been a forgery;—but this is of no consequence, Montague; come to the arms of friends which are open to receive you; condescend to make one of our happy family. My Caroline wants no fortune; it should then, of right, belong to your Emma;—it is large—it will suffice for both: independent of Nevil, she will no longer be subservient to his will. Go with me to-morrow to London, and this week we will together go to E. and the following shall see your happiness completed;—do not hesitate, my friend—accept my offer, and let my heart be no more burdened by the long debt of gratitude."

Frederic was too much affected by the
generosity

generosity of his friend to answer;—the idea of immediately being happy with his Emma, of being received with affection by her amiable family, for a while allured his imagination; but honour, and that pride and independence of spirit, which had supported him in affliction, now secured him against the temptations of hope. For him, the just heir of vast possessions, to submit to introduce himself and the girl he loved, as beggarly dependants, to consent to subsist upon the gift of another family, to which nothing but one action of common humanity entitled him, was insupportable. The spirit of his Emma, too, in perfect unison with his own, he knew would reject the offer, and despise him if he hesitated to do the same.

“Delaval,” said he, “do not think me too proud, or that I am not sensible both of your generosity and delicacy; but I cannot accept your offer: I will merely quote the sentiment of your Caroline—a sentiment you cannot but approve:—‘I have a proud heart; it is wounded, but not depressed;

and I cannot stoop to receive obligations even from the man I esteem"—no, nor from the girl I love. Never will I dare to request the hand of Emma until I can offer her an equal, if not a superior fortune to her own!"

In vain Delaval pressed and entreated—Frederic was inexorable: he even refused to receive the most trifling assistance, until, from being grieved, Delaval grew vexed; and from being vexed, irritated.

"Upon my soul, Montague!" said he, "this excessive pride and haughtiness is insufferable;—have you so little friendship for me, that you will poison all my felicity?"

"Do not wrong me, Delaval," said Frederic, "nor doubt my friendship; I can at present earn my own subsistence; pity, but do not condemn the pride which forbids my receiving succour from any body: some months ago, when I really needed it from you, I would have accepted it; but now—"

"And why," interrupted Delaval, "did you not then apply to me?"

"I was weary of application, after the event of those I had already made, and I
was

was unjust enough to suppose *you* like the rest of the world; and now let me supplicate that you will let the subject rest; you are unconscious how much pain it gives me by moving afresh every thorn in my heart."

Delaval was silent some time. "Then you will, however, I hope, remain with me this day."

"You cannot suppose," said Frederic, but that I should be happy to do so; but, under my present circumstances, it would create suspicions of my real character, which would render my situation insupportable."

Delaval urged not his request, but bade him adieu, with more coldness than he had hitherto spoken. The spirit of Delaval was too gentle to feel that anger which is the consequence of slighted favours; but he grieved to see his system of happiness broken, and that of his friend prevented by his own romantic pride.

Frederic was hurt at his manner; yet he could not resolve to remain with him, for another reason which he had not stated. He feared his resolution might give way to the
generous

generous and earnest solicitations, of his friend. Taking his hand, and pressing it, "I am sorry you are angry with me, Delaval," said he;—"reflect a little when I am gone, and you will excuse me. Farewell! Heaven bless you and your Caroline! and I hope this will not be the last time that we meet."

He then left him. In the house he was met by the good hostess.

"Dear me!" said she, as soon as she saw him, "why what an uncommon long hold you have had with this gentleman, Mr. *Devilvil*, I think they tell me is his name; and so he en't a Lord after all. Well, I should so like to have had it to say we had had a Lord at the Ship; but, howsoever, his brother's one, and that comes to pretty nigh the same."

The good woman had intended to have made a much longer harangue; but Frederic, afraid to stop any longer, and dreading, as it was, to be tormented with innumerable questions by Yelverton, could not prevail upon himself to indulge her; but,
much

much to her mortification, retreated and hurried back to Eastmoor.

Much as his own happiness was increased by the establishment of that of Delaval, yet he felt far more uneasy than before, since, notwithstanding his resolution, he yet found himself in an unhappy dilemma. Delaval's offer had reduced him to a situation nearly similar to that of Cæsar or of Oliver Cromwell, when the crown was offered to them—dread of regret, if the offer were refused; of repentance, if it were accepted; and he wavered in that painful state, in which inclination almost too powerfully combat principle and prudence. A strong, though distant hope, however, that he might one day be received again by his uncle, supported his determination; and prudence forcibly urged the impropriety of accepting the offer of Delaval on that ground. If Montague should relent, it was far more probable that a man of his pride would receive him again;—having submitted to poverty gracefully and decently, than as the idle dependent on the St. Leger family. This thought fixed
his

his ideas :—the probability that Montague would discover in time the falsehood of every report against him, encouraged his hopes, which the story of Delaval had awakened. How much deeper had *he* once been sunk in despair ! and how plain the road of happiness now lay before him !

Comforted by these thoughts, Frederic would have felt content and peace ; but for that restless inquietude always attendant on love ; he could not persuade himself that he was yet dear to Emma. Her silence, indeed, when he was certain she had received his letter, was strange. Reason, however, represented a cause far from improbable :—in her present state of confinement, how was it likely she would find means to have an answer sent to him ? but love, who always despises the arguments of reason, where he cannot confute, tyrannically silences her ;—and Frederic thought that, had he been confined in the strongest dungeon, he should not have been destitute of means of sending an answer to a letter from Emma. Ingeniously tormenting himself, and representing every

every thing in his mind in colours far darker than its own, Frederic continued his way to Yelverton's: he answered every question (and the number was not few) as satisfactorily as he could, and related to Yelverton the happy fate which awaited his disguised change;—at which that good-natured man was much delighted, and immediately sat down to write an account of the whole to his sister, Mrs. Woodburne.

Frederic wished much to have seen Miss St. Leger, to have had the adventure at the Hay-market more fully explained; but, dreading that he should seem to ask a recompence, he gave up that wish; and, on the contrary, resolved neither to go to Westmoor nor to the Ship, until he was certain that both Delaval and Caroline were gone. His uneasiness, with regard to Emma, grew insufferable; and he determined, if he could get leave of absence, as soon as the hay-time was over, to go himself to E. and if it were not possible to *see*, or at least to *hear* of her. Yelverton, always good-natured, readily agreed to his going to visit his friends
(the

(the words of the request); and towards the middle of July, with an anxious heart and eager footsteps, Frederic set out to explore the way to E.

CHAP. II.

NOT daring to trust herself with reflection, or even to look behind her to the stile, where she might yet discern the figure of Frederic in the twilight, Emma hurried back to the comfortless house of her mother, on the unfortunate tenth of October. She retired silently to her apartment—not to weep, for the fullness of despair had dried the source of her tears, but to endeavour to comprehend all the wretchedness of her fate, to be at liberty to be silent, and not to grieve her mother by the sight of her distraction. She ran over in her fancy with all the idle vanity of regret—the dear and happy days which were gone—when they had first met—the many hours they since had passed together—even sweeter in recollection than while present :

present: she then turned her thoughts to a less happy scene—the time he had been away—when she had expected that every idea of hers would vanish before the elegance and beauty he would meet with; and rather looked with dread than hope to the day of his return,—when she expected every fear would be confirmed. That time had arrived—he had returned the same as he had gone—the same openness was on his brow—the same tenderness sparkled in his eye—joy glowed on his countenance—and he had then appeared more amiable in her eyes than ever. In a short time, how had he returned! how changed was his voice, his manner, his appearance! yet, in the midst of all his anguish, his love remained unaltered; not all his losses were so great as to be compared together with that of her who had, though innocently, been originally the cause of all; for she doubted not that the discovery of their connection had been the occasion of the extreme displeasure of Montague. For her, then, his generous, disinterested heart had sacrificed all! The idea revived all her tenderness—her spirits forsook

forsook her—and she burst into tears; she repented that she had left him—she reproached herself with want of generosity—with ingratitude, in forsaking him in his distress. Her window faced the mead; Emma ran towards it; and throwing up the sash, leaned out, and looked with sorrowful earnestness towards the stile; but the thick darkness of night intervened, and nothing but the black tops of the trees appeared in the dimness of the sky. The big drops of rain beat heavily against her face, and her long and beautiful hair waved in the wind; tears again arose in her eyes, and the dim objects of the night swam before them;—a deep sigh broke from her heart, and bestowing one more longing look upon the darkness which concealed the stile, she retired with a feeling of despondence; and throwing herself on her bed, covered her face, and indulged in all the vehemence of sorrow;—no ray of comfort shone upon her heart:—what pleasure could the field or the woods give her now? except to wander and lament;—yes, she might yet revisit the scenes where
they

they had been together; she could repeat his name where none could hear her voice; she could call upon him, and say, how dear he was yet to her; she could lean against the tree where he had leaned, and touch the ground where he had lain at her feet. Emma dried her eyes at these reflections: she arose;—the recollection that he loved her yet, and would repeat her name with equal fondness, afforded her consolation, and in a year they should meet again.

But yet, severer griefs awaited the unfortunate Emma;—several days passed, spent in the melancholy pleasures which she had proposed, and in reading again and again the letter she had received from Frederic in the summer. Mrs. Nevil, with equal tenderness and wisdom, taking no notice of her grief, conscious that expostulation but aggravates sorrow, and moves the thorn it cannot extract; and grief will sooner be softened, if suffered to spend itself unrestrained, than if, by advice and ill-judged words of comfort, it be compelled to temporary concealment. But this tranquillity was shortly broken,

broken, by the illness of Mrs. Nevil, whose health had for some time been very precarious; and soon after, by the arrival of Mr. Nevil. This gentleman, who had been vehemently offended at the manner of Frederic's note, inquired after him with great indifference—merely asking if they had seen him. Both Mrs. and Miss Nevil had wished to conceal, if possible, the unfortunate affair of his rejection, especially as it was by no means known;—a report having prevailed, as has before been related, that he was gone to the East-Indies. This, therefore, they related to Nevil; adding, that he had waited upon them to take his leave.

“Aye, aye,” cried he, “as well there as any where; he is vastly above our *cut*;—an insolent, proud, haughty fellow, that doesn't know what he would be at! Howsoever, he has outstood his market, and shan't have you, Emma, you may depend upon't;—besides, I have spoke to Haywood again: the young fellow's rather shy,—but I don't mind that: I design to have you down to E.; you sister, and Emma too.

He

He observed the illness of Mrs. Nevil with the most brutal indifference; but, after much entreaty from Emma, consented to send for a physician. This gentleman, on his arrival, declared that the air of the Hundreds, especially at this time of the year, would inevitably be fatal to a person in her weak state of health; and, as has been related, recommended Bath as the only means of restoring her. Emma was now obliged to go alone with Nevil; and a prospect, dark indeed, presented itself to her view. It was, however, some time before the weakness of Mrs. Nevil permitted her to travel;—with great difficulty Nevil was prevailed upon to permit Emma to remain with her until the time of her departure arrived. As soon as it was fixed, hurrying her up before it was day, in a dull morning, towards the end of November, scarce permitting her to take leave of her mother, he led her, with a heart almost breaking, to a wretched chaise-cart, in which himself proposed to drive her; and they set off, thro' one of the roughest and most dreary roads of Essex, to the lonely mansion at E.

The

The melancholy dullness of the weather, the slow and heavy motion of the vehicle, and the surly silence of her companion, did not contribute to raise the dejected spirits of Emma; she wept in silence, and endeavoured again to amuse her mind by sad retrospection. The journey was tedious in the extreme; as Nevil not only chose to drive a *foot-pace*, but stopped so frequently and so long upon the road to take refreshments, that the short day was nearly over, when they perceived the four spires of the ancient steeple of E.—the house of Nevil was a mile from the village, and its gloomy horrors now appeared in sight.

The house was an antique structure, whose high casements were divided by brickwork, and ivy had in many places prevented that dim light which the panes admitted from making its way into the apartments; the chimneys, high and enlarging at the top, surrounded the outside; and Nevil, who had as few conceptions of domestic comfort as of social benevolence, had so neglected his native dwelling, that the building, crazy
with

with age, threatened to fall in ruins with every blast of wind. It was surrounded by a deep moat, whose water, black with stagnation, appeared here and there between the duck-weed which almost covered it. To add to its dreary appearance, the elder, which grew luxuriantly around it, now hung their lurid clusters among the withered leaves, almost to the edge of the waters. The whole was the picture of decay, and seemed a suitable spot for melancholy contemplation, or to tempt the distracted suicide to accomplish his dreadful purpose. Emma sighed heavily as she passed the bridge; and then, with the resignation of despair, yielded her mind to her fate.

Nevil turned towards her, as they entered, with a malicious grin—"Now," said he, "I think I have got what I wished; I have got you away from that old fool, and I shall have the management of you to myself; and I fancy you will find some difference,—for I am resolved to have every thing my own way."

Emma made no answer; but secretly
VOL. III. E addressing

addressing a short prayer to heaven to defend her from the cruelty she dreaded, followed him through the desolate court into the hall;—here she was met by her old friend Mrs. Jagger. This woman had been, from her childhood, a domestic in the house, and ever since it had belonged to its present possessor, had assumed the character of house-keeper; her disposition, however, was wholly different from that of her master;—she was good-natured, simple, and inoffensive; she was attached to Emma, because she had nursed her in her infancy, and because she had lost her only child about the time that she received the charge of her: for the same reason, although not attended with the same circumstance, she was attached to young Haywood, and the hope of their marriage had given her great joy. Upon hearing that the affair was at an end, owing to the proposals of Frederic, she had conceived a great dislike against that young man, and had thrown out many hints upon the impropriety of people marrying above their own rank; but Nevil was not to be moved

moved even by her, when he was instigated by his two ruling principles—pride and ill nature; and nothing but the delight of humbling such a proud man as Montague, whose haughtiness he detested, could have prevailed upon him by listening to Frederic's offer, to give up a scheme which his avarice had for so many years determined him to adopt. He had, however, secretly determined, upon receiving Frederic's note, and soon afterwards, what he judged a very obliging letter from old Haywood, (who had prudence enough to conceal his resentment) to adhere to his original plan. Having communicated his intention to Mrs. Jagger, that good woman received Emma with uncommon pleasure, as she now doubted not to see the first wish of her heart completed—the union of her two favourites.

“Come ye in, my dear Miss Emma,” said he, “and let me get ye a dish of tea. Dear me! we shall all be quite alive this winter. Do you know Mr. Haywood, aye, and young Mr. Frank, and Miss Polly and all, be coming here to spend their Christmas!”

E 2. She

She was, however, much disappointed by the disconsolate look with which Emma received this joyful news; she therefore enlarged yet more in her description; but observing no alteration, she began to recollect the probability that Emma might be both cold and uncomfortable; and again inviting her in, she led the way into an inner room, hung round with old escutcheons, and almost effaced by wood smoke. No misfortune or situation could change the constant gentleness of Emma; and although she felt as deeply, yet less irritable than her lover, she suffered not so much; she was, however, glad when the clock, striking nine, announced the hour of going to rest, that she might indulge, undisturbed, in her own reflections; as, although she joined with the utmost good-humour in the conversation of her ancient nurse, yet she was wearied by her tediousness, and her mind, ill at ease, was little disposed to be amused by the descriptions of their winter amusement, which was at present, together with long eulogiums on young Haywood, the constant theme of her discourse.

In

In a few days Haywood and his son arrived at E——; this circumstance, as she had expected it, added not much to the uneasiness of Emma; and, for her cousin, she had always felt both esteem and affection: she knew his heart was too noble, too generous to join with her uncle to persecute her; and she had arranged a plan to put his honour and love to the proof. Either from pride or self-deception, Haywood had not stated the exact truth in his letter to Frederic: he had indulged the most tender affection for his lovely cousin; too diffident to aspire to her love, he had felt the most lively transport when their union was first proposed—the severest uneasiness when he discovered that his own happiness could not be completed without the ruin of hers whom he loved; but he was too generous to take advantage of the authority of her relations, and his heart was too enlarged to suffer his chagrin and disappointment to degenerate into envy and hatred;—yet his spirit was too great to permit him to endure that his rival should suppose he had resigned in his favour:

so mortifying a circumstance he could scarce acknowledge to himself; and had endeavoured to convince himself that his affection for his cousin had never exceeded that which always subsisted between persons so nearly related: he had even sought a new object for his attachment. Lucy Danby was very pretty, very modest, and very gentle; and although she might not be altogether worthy of him, yet had he not seen his lovely cousin, with her Haywood might have been happy; and even now he supposed it possible, since Emma must now be considered merely as a sister; and, next to her, Miss Danby was certainly the most amiable girl he had seen; but when he received a letter from Nevil, purporting that Frederic was gone abroad—that he had abandoned Miss Nevil—that her affection for him had been constrained—that she had really never loved any but himself—Haywood found how fallacious had been his ideas: he was raised from dejection to extacy;—Miss Danby was wholly forgotten—and he flew to obey the summons.

It

It must be observed that this new arrangement had taken place in the mind of Nevil as soon as he had received Frederic's note ; but, as he had been engaged in the harvest and the seed time, he would not bestow his attention upon such trifles, until those more important affairs were completed. Too ready to believe what he wished, Haywood forgot the generous confession Emma had made to him of her attachment to Frederic, or at least doubted its truth, or was willing to account for it in a thousand ways ; and although these conjectures were very little to her honour, yet they flattered his hopes, and he chose to encourage them. With a heart beating with hope and delight, he entered the house, and was introduced to Miss Nevil ; but was much struck when, instead of the rosy look and chearful smile which he expected, he saw her pale dejected countenance, and heard the melancholy tone with which she welcomed him : he was silent, and often cast his eyes upon Nevil for an explanation, which he returned by many significant winks and nods ; the inten-

tion of which it was very difficult to comprehend. While he was endeavouring to account for those things, he accidentally observed a severe look pass from Nevil to the unfortunate Emma, which at once undid his hopes, and betrayed the real truth : he wondered at his credulity ; he accused himself of folly, of vanity, in being so easily deceived by such a man as Nevil.

In the afternoon, Haywood and Nevil contrived to leave them alone ; but being convinced by the noise which both made in placing themselves behind the door, that they had more auditors than they wished, they were too cautious to proceed to an explanation ; but Emma, after some indifferent inquiries after his mother and sister, slipped a note into the hand of young Haywood, which she had previously written ;—foreseeing that she should not have an opportunity of speaking to him unobserved without such a precaution, he took it eagerly, and read as follows :—

“ I rely too much upon your generosity to suppose it possible that you too will contrive

trive to make me yet more unhappy than I am ; nor can I suppose that, unless grossly imposed upon, you would have appeared again in a character in which I never can receive you ;—if you will favour me with half an hour's conversation to-morrow morning, at the time when my uncle usually walks out, I will explain every thing to you. E. N.

Emma had walked away as soon as she had given the note. Haywood sighed deeply when he had read it ; and, after a moment's reflection, he followed her, and promised, in a low voice, to obey her summons. Soon after the old men entered, with evident disappointment in their countenances, and Emma was in a short time permitted to retire to the housekeeper's apartment. Here she had spent great part of a melancholy evening chiefly alone, when the old housekeeper entered with excessive joy in her countenance.

“ Look, Miss Emma,” cried she, — “ look what I have got for you ! — ’tis from him — from himself ! ”

"What can you mean?"

"A letter."

"From Frederic!" cried Emma, rising in great trepidation, "or (continued she, checking herself) from my mother?"

"No, Miss—no, not from Frederic, as you call him, nor yet from madam, but Mr. Frank."

"My cousin!—why he is in the house."

"No matter for that;—he gave it me just now; and as it comes from him, I did not think it signified to shew it to my master, as I commonly do."

"As you commonly do!"

"Yes—*partinly*."

"What! did you shew him the letter I received yesterday from my mother?"

"To be sure."

"I thought you were my friend," said Emma, sighing;—"and is it friendly to expose me thus?"

"Why, as to what madam writes, I suppose 'tis nothing but what master may see; and as to your having letters from any body else, without it be Mr. Frank, 'tis quite unproper."

Emma,

Emma, with a more angry air than she had ever yet spoke, bade her give her the letter, and leave her alone to read it. It was as follows :—

“ I cannot endure to appear before you, my dearest Emma, until I have done away every suspicion of my honour, and that I conceived was implied by your note to me. You have justified me with truth : I had, indeed, been grossly imposed upon, both by the falsehoods of your uncle, and my own absurd folly, in giving credit to them. Do not deny me the poor satisfaction of declaring to you my unalterable attachment; but, at the same time, judge not unjustly of it; it is not selfish—its object is your happiness;—do not, then, suppose that I will join to make you unhappy, although the innocent cause of your distress, the wretched tool in the hands of avarice and oppression.

“ I am threatened by my father with being renounced by him, if, on my side, I raise any obstacle; it is not, because by the kindness of that friend who educated me, that I

am independent of him—that I would incur the guilt of disobedience, the idea is repugnant to my principles; it would be dreadful, especially in my case, to be under the displeasure of my father. Excuse me, then, if I yet remain, if I yet *seem* to join the confederacy against you, as I have a scheme which shall in the end baffle all their designs, without incurring the censure I would avoid. I need not say how happy I shall be to obey every command of yours; I will yet hope for your good opinion—I scarce ever dared look higher; and now that shall be my consolation. You will be expected at supper.—I am sorry to say that I fear you must prepare for mortification, from the gross abuse of Nevil, and the no less gross defence of my father.

“I remain, my dear Emma,

“Your sincere friend,

“FRANCIS HAYWOOD.”

Emma read this letter with some uneasiness, but with great admiration at the generosity of her cousin; and she almost repented

of her resolution of putting it yet more severely to the proof; yet she had no other way—she had nobody else in whom she could confide—and her anxiety was become intolerable. She was lamenting her misfortune in having appeared amiable in any other eyes than those of Frederic; and regretting that she must be the cause of unhappiness to one whom she esteemed so much as Haywood, when she was summoned to appear at supper.

The two old men were already seated, with different expression on their countenances; one of morose furliness—the other of silly facetiousness.

“Well, Miss,” cried Nevil, as she entered, “I hope you have had your sulky fit out?”

“Sir!” cried Emma, much startled by this abrupt address.

“For heaven’s sake!” cried young Haywood.

“Nay, young man, please to let me speak as I like to my own niece;—I say, is your sulky fit over?”

“Begging

“ Begging pardon now, brother Nevil,” said old Haywood, “ I think you go quite the wrong way to work ; ’tis no service trying to force a woman ; ’tis like beating a donkey, as I may say—the more you lay on, the stiller she stands ; and ’tis a hard matter to drive hogs even into pasture, and so ’tis to drive a woman even to what she likes—ten to one but she turns upon ye just for contrariness’ sake.”

“ Mind ye now,” cried Nevil, “ I an’t to be tutored by nobody ; I know how to deal with them better than half of you ; for I don’t stand for their whimpering and whining, for that they do just when they please, because it comes natural to them ; and as to what you say, Haywood, that goes for nothing,—for we all know that you are managed by your wife and daughter just like a child.”

“ Hah ! hah ! hah !—well, well,” cried Haywood, “ no matter, no matter ; I only wish you would let me try my way with cousin Emma. Come, my dear, sit down by the old man ; there Frank, now, do you sit

fit at other side, and we shall do; and now we shall be quite comfortable and happy. Lord, Nevil! I can't help laughing to think what an old fool you was."

"Fool!"

"Aye, don't wrinkle your face now, *fool*, I say; to trust the word of that fine gentleman there—just as if such people minded what they said;—a beggarly scoundrel! to run away to sea as he did! Ah! well, you were rightly served, I say—you were rightly served; but 'tis to be hoped his ship is taken by the French, and he has got stuffed in with a hundred or two more into some French prison—Lord, how I should laugh."

"No, no such chance; the war an't begun yet;—but, howsoever, 'tis all the talk, and so 'tis very likely to be."

Emma felt the colour rise to her cheeks; and Haywood swelling with generous indignation—"You seem, Sir," said he, "addressing himself to his father, "to have forgotten your obligations to Mr. Montague, when he saved your life in the summer."

He
"He

"He saved my life! why what did he do?—stood by and looked on while Will Freeman helped me up."

"And you, no doubt, Sir, have rewarded him for his trouble."

"Yes! why I haven't seen him from that time to this."

"There now!" cried Nevil, "there's another proof of your going on!—do you think, if I had a son, he should catechise me in that manner?"

"Aye," cried Haywood, "that's because he has a few pounds which I cannot touch; he forgets, like a fool, that I can make it double, if I please."

"I wish to heaven!" cried young Haywood, "that Mr. Francis had abated of his extraordinary kindness to me, that I might not have been so often exposed to such illiberal reflections."

"There 'tis," cried his father, pointing to him, and looking at Nevil, "there 'tis;—that's all what he learned at the 'squire's—all these fine words and high-learned expressions—so he looks down upon *we* for not understanding them."

Young;

Young Haywood made no answer.—Not all the representations Emma had made in her mind of the manner in which this evening would pass, were half so disagreeable as it proved. In vain did old Haywood exert all his wit, and all his mirth and good-humour to entertain her; in vain did he wish himself a young man for her sake; and encouraged Frank, as he called him, “to make up to her.” Emma was sick with disgust, and was happy when permitted to retire.

Young Haywood attended her to the door. “Oh, Miss Nevil!” he whispered, as she departed, “how unhappy am I to witness your receiving such unworthy treatment.”—She thanked him with a smile, and he returned.

Emma arose in the morning before it was day, and anxiously awaited the time when Nevil and his brother-in-law should set out to survey the grounds; at length that circumstance taking place, and Mrs. Jagger being employed in her household work, young Haywood attended her in the housekeeper's room.

After

— After much hesitation, Emma explained the truth of her present situation; she related the misfortune of Frederic, his separation from her, and their mutual vows: she then proceeded to declare her uneasiness on his account, her dread of his being in actual distress, or perhaps even perishing with want; and concluded all with a hint which Haywood was too generous to misunderstand; he fixed his eyes upon her as she concluded, and, sighing deeply, was for some time silent.

“Yes, my dear Emma,” said he at length, “you have done me justice; you shall not be misled in the confidence you place in me: I will prove myself worthy of your esteem at least. I will leave this place to-day, as much for my own comfort as for yours; I will renew my visits at Danby’s; and, if I may be allowed to serve you, I shall be happy. I will endeavour not to lament that there is but one way of doing it;—but I will not rest until I have relieved your anxiety; and whatever I may feel, you shall not see that I indulge the bitterness of jealousy.”

“Oh

"Oh my generous cousin!" cried Emma, with difficulty restraining her tears, "how unfortunate for us both!——"

"I know what you would say, my dear Emma," interrupted Haywood; "but you shall lament it no longer; it shall no longer be the cause of uneasiness to you. Forgive the presumption that could ever think of aspiring to you—of placing you in such a family as mine—in society so unworthy of you;—I give up the vain idea. Suffer me only to supply a place which nature has left vacant—that of a brother. Do not weep, my Emma—you must not pity me; for, in such a character, I ought rather to be the object of envy as your brother—then——"

Haywood hesitated, blushed, and sighed—"as your brother, let me approve your choice; and tell me how I can serve you? have you any message?"

"Oh, Mr. Haywood!" cried Emma, "I must not—cannot tax your generosity so far; you shall not degrade yourself to serve me. I will endure my anxiety; and only entreat that you will conceal these affairs."

But

But the secret applause which his hear bestowed upon him for this undertaking, to seek out, to serve, and to encourage a rival, was too powerful to permit Haywood to give up the resolution. He felt likewise a noble satisfaction in making two people happy; to one of whom he was so sincerely attached, and whose happiness he wished more than his own. Emma but feebly opposed him, and at length consented to depute him; and committed a letter which she had written (fearing that which she had given to Nancy might miscarry) to his charge.

Haywood made an excuse to his father of being called away upon particular business; and although the old man but little approved of his departure, yet he affected indifference; and notwithstanding his disgust at his son's independence of him, yet to his mind, mean and servile, it had always been a motive for treating him with great deference; and, except in the case of his paying his addresses to Miss Nevil, he had never opposed his will; but here his interest was concerned,

concerned, as Nevil and himself, in the bargain which they had struck, mutually hoped they had over-reached each other.

CHAP. III.

EMMA was now suffered to remain unmolested. After some days, she received a letter from her cousin, which, of course, it was not necessary to inspect. He lamented the bad success of his endeavours to trace out the residence of Frederic, assured her of their continuance, and concluded with some melancholy lines, which he had afterwards attempted to obliterate, but were yet legible enough to convince her of their import, and to add to her distress.

The roses on the cheeks of Emma now began to fade; she spent her days in melancholy anxiety—her nights in tears;—she began to credit the report that Frederic was really gone to sea; although she knew it was not in the style which was supposed, but it was

was probable that despair had driven him thither as a last resource. Filled with this idea, she felt the utmost anxiety that peace might yet be continued between the British Empire and the French Republic ;—nothing was so horrible as the dread that Frederic might perish in the waters, mangled, disfigured, and unknown ; while she might many a year expect his return in vain, and hope once more to look upon him,—when at that time his bones might be scattered at the bottom of the ocean. Yet all this was but too probable ; what other course could Frederic pursue than this ? and what was more probable than the war ? Occupied with these thoughts, she listened every stormy night to the wind, and spent many an hour at a window at the top of the house, which commanded a view of the mouth of the Thames, as far as where it empties itself into the mouth of the German ocean, and fondly imagined some one of the many ships she could discover contained her Frederic.

Thus passed the dreary month of December

ber until Christmas-day, which was distinguished by the arrival of Mrs. Haywood, her daughter, and son, who was compelled to accompany them. This young lady was acknowledged to be the *belle* of the village of W. where she resided ; she was dressed in a close blue great coat, imitative of a habit ; on her head she wore a black beaver hat, over which a lofty feather waved, and round it ribbons of the brightest yellow fluttered, finely contrasting with her locks, which arose in many a fable ringlet before, and were adorned behind with two superb yellow roses, imported from London in the year 90 ; lastly, a vast ribbon, of the same bright colour, adorned her waist, and reached behind even to the ground. Miss Haywood's personal beauty was at least equal to that of her dress ; and in that respect likewise, as well as her manner, she was wholly different from her brother. Such was the first figure who bounced into the room, where, patiently despondent, sat the pale and disconsolate Emma.

Next appeared a comfortable rosy figure,
glowing

glowing with health, good cheer, and a profusion of scarlet ribbons, which her daughter had been at no small pains to teach her to denominate, (as she had learned to pronounce it from a friend of hers) "*Cokeliquor*." She had not been so fortunate in her endeavours to persuade her mother to wear long sleeves, or a beaver hat; that lady preferring her lace-ruffles, and a balloon bonnet, which had carefully been preserved ever since the famous days of Messieurs Lunardi and Blanchard, when every thing fashionable claimed some resemblance to their airy vehicle.

Last, with downcast looks, expressing disappointment and vexation, appeared young Haywood.

"Well, cousin Emma," cried Mrs. Haywood, hurrying towards her, and roughly saluting her, "how are you, my dear?" why how sadly you look, moping and pining here; but I'll let you into a secret:—I designs to drive you back along with us, and so Polly shall ride home behind Frank; and, to tell you the truth, we've brought the pillion in the chaise."

"I,

“ I can’t say as I like that much, though,” cried Miss Polly; “ for, to say the truth, I don’t like riding on the pillion; and besides, Frank’s so proud, and so sulky, I an’t very fond of his company; and perhaps there’s some folks that would like it better.”

Haywood, who had been paying his respects to Emma during this proposal, now understanding its import, was excessively surprised. “ Is it possible you can be in earnest, madam ?” said he, “ or you, Mary, if I understand you right ?—surely this scheme is a very strange one. If Miss Nevil condescends to accompany us, I will send for a post-chaise from E.—my sister will be kind enough to accompany her, and I will attend you, madam, on your return.”

“ Aye, now,” cried Mrs. Haywood, “ that’s just like you—you never like to do things in a comfortable family way, and snug as I would have had it.”

“ Well, brother,” cried Miss Polly, “ for once I think you are right, and your scheme is a great deal the most feasible; for, as to riding on a pillion, it’s a thing I shan’t

do for nobody, nor yet to please nobody, because I an't used to such things."

"Well, Polly,—well, child, don't go to put yourself into a flutter about it; I doesn't want you to do it if you don't like—I only meant to please you all;—but, now, what signifies our talking? cousin Emma hasn't said yet whether she will go or not."

"You cannot suppose, my dear aunt," cried Emma, with a sigh, "but that I should be happy to leave this dreadful place; but I must act entirely, you know, by Mr. Nevil's direction."

"True, my dear, true," said Mrs. Haywood; but he won't be against it—will you now, brother?" said she to Nevil, who just then entered with old Haywood.

After a curious salutation, he asked what she meant?

"Why for cousin Emma to go home along with us."

"I don't care where she goes," cried he,—"such plague as I have with her—go with you! oh yes, certainly, if you like."

"Lauk! well, aye," cried old Haywood,
"that's

“that’s good again!—why what a fool I must be, not to have thought to ask her before!”

They then proceeded to discuss the affair at large; during which young Haywood contrived to slip a small piece of paper into Emma’s hand; it contained these words:—

“Dear Emma, when will you allow me to speak a few words to you alone?”

Emma paused: she had observed that, during their last conference, from some strange suspicions, Mrs. Jagger had watched them very closely; and, unless they had spoken extremely low, would inevitably have overheard their discourse; and, since his abrupt departure, she had expressed herself rather doubtfully about it. On these accounts, she thought it would not be safe to meet in the house; but to go out without the consent of her uncle was impossible;—but this she by no means despaired of obtaining; she therefore wrote with a pencil on the other side of the paper:—

“I shall walk out at eight o’clock to-morrow morning under the high elms.”

Haywood bowed to her as he read it, and immediately concealed it. In the evening, Emma requested a moment's audience of Nevil.

"Of me!" cried he, in a furly tone, "what's in the wind now? however, you may speak as well before brother and sister."

"I should rather see you alone, Sir, if you will permit me."

Nevil, after much grumbling, arose and followed. "I have a favour to request of you, Sir, which I hope you will not refuse."

"Why, then, you may hold your tongue, for I have no favours to grant."

"It is but a small one, Sir; it is merely to allow me to take a walk to-morrow morning."

"What! alone!"

"No, Sir, with my cousin."

"And which cousin?"

Emma blushed—"Mr. Haywood, Sir."

"Lord deliver me!" cried Nevil, "would not one think perverseness was born in women? when did I ever make objection to your walking with him? I am sure I wish he'd

he'd take you away at once. Favour, indeed! I suppose that's your canting way of saying—you mean to be as you should be;—well, get along with you, and don't plague me."

"Then, Sir, you permit me?"

"I tell you I don't care nothing at all about you."

Emma was in too good spirits to be hurt by this brutality. From the request of Haywood, she hoped he had heard something of Frederic, which he wished to communicate. Impatiently she arose in the morning;—it was wet and dreary; but she was not to be detained by the weather. Young Haywood, as punctual as herself, met her in the hall, and both walked silently together to the elms.

Haywood paused. "I am sorry," said he at length, "if I have raised your expectations, my dear Emma; I have but little, I am afraid, to communicate, which will give you pleasure;—I cannot say I have heard *nothing* of Mr. Montague. Yesterday morning I was informed by a person,

who came from Tilbury a few days before, that he had actually met him in the fort, seemingly surveying it from curiosity; he added that he supposed his ship was at anchor in Gravesend reach, and that he had just come on shore; he attempted to speak to him, (having known him well at B.) but the young gentleman turned from him hastily, and he saw him no more. This circumstance will assist to confirm the report of his having gone abroad, since people in general are too indolent to weigh the improbability of his remaining so long in the river."

Emma felt her worst suspicions confirmed: Frederic had at length determined on the course she dreaded; and he was now gone to Gravesend to enter. "And when!" cried she, hastily—"when did your friend see him?"

"Last Wednesday."

"Perhaps, then—Oh, Mr. Haywood! it may not, perhaps, be too late to prevent it."

She then explained her fears: Haywood could not avoid concurring in them.

"I

“I assure you, my Emma,” said he, “I would have gone instantly; but I entertained no such suspicion, and my mother had insisted upon my accompanying her.”

“Oh! go, then, now!” cried the miserable Emma, and endeavour to prevent it; lose not a moment, if you ever had a regard for me!”

Haywood entreated her to be composed, assuring her he would obey her in every thing; then leading her to the house, without waiting to see any of his family, he mounted his horse, and set out along the lower road to Tilbury.

Emma retired to her chamber, and fastening herself in, burst into a flood of tears. She endeavoured in vain to console herself, since every probability led but to what she dreaded; she was obliged to appear at breakfast, and she feared to meet the questions she would have to encounter, as she knew she must account for the departure of young Haywood; and she was much perplexed to think how she should do this, without either violating truth, or betraying herself and him.

him. While she was debating what course to pursue, Miss Polly appeared.

“Lord cousin!” cried she, “why what can you be after so long? (then looking about the room) Why, goodness! where’s Frank? why what have you done with him?”

“You could not expect to meet him here.”

“Nay!” returned Miss Polly, with a giggle, “I didn’t know—not I;—you are so private—walking out together—I didn’t know but you might be locked up together as well;—but come, breakfast has been in I don’t know how long, and the rolls will be cold, and mamma will be angry.”

“I will not detain your mamma another instant,” said Emma, and immediately followed her.

The whole family renewed the inquiry after young Haywood; to which Emma simply replied, that, after he had left her, he rode out.

“Rode out!” cried Nevil; “why it rains and snows, and I don’t know what all! what the plague could possess him?”

“Oh,

“Oh, no plague! I dare say,” said old Haywood—“he knows what he’s about—I an’t at all afraid—I can give a nigh guess about him.”

Emma started, and turned pale.

“Well, and what is he after then?” said Nevil.

“Am I forced to tell you, think ye?” replied the other;—“if you do, you’re deceived. I tell you I don’t blame folks for providing against accidents. Come, my dear, (turning to Emma) don’t be concerned; I dare to say ’twill come to nothing.”

“Lord! why Tom, now!” cried Mrs. Haywood, with a broad grin, “did I ever see the like!—you can’t keep a secret no more than a cat. Why I suppose Frank’s gone to keep holiday along with some of his acquaintances.”

“With young Mr. Danby, perhaps,” cried Miss Polly, and burst into a fit of laughter.

Haywood checked his daughter, and then making some apologies to Nevil, assuring him that he meant nothing,—and he believed

what his wife said was true. Nevil remained fully silent; and the conversation dropped. But the suspicions of Nevil were raised, although he knew not which way to point them; and he determined to observe the whole family in the narrowest manner. Prudence, however, the only virtue which he possessed, determined him not to mention the subject to them, or even to Emma, again, since he thought he should only give them the trouble of inventing falsehoods, and put them upon their guard against his observations: he therefore appeared satisfied; but Emma was far otherwise. She grieved to observe, (what appeared to be but too certainly the case) that Haywood had discovered the intention of his son to pay his addresses to Miss Danby; from what the young man had said, she knew he would disapprove of it; yet his manner expressed his approbation, or rather, it seemed to say that, if rejected by herself, poor Miss Danby remained as a *dernier resort*.

Though this gave her some comfort, as it
seemed

seemed to suppose that she would reject him, and to prove that she might do it without irritating his father against him, yet the dread that his extreme imprudence would betray it to Nevil, made her very uneasy,—as such a discovery would doubtless prevent any further intercourse between her and her cousin, by which means her last hope of hearing from Frederic would be cut off.

Her conjecture was very near the fact. Old Haywood possessed much low cunning; once having been cheated by Nevil, he determined to trust him no more; and as he perceived by his conduct with regard to Frederic, that he would at any time embrace a good offer for his niece, he thought it was fair that his son should be provided in case of such an accident with an alternative. When the elder Danby had applied to him, therefore, about his son's frequent visits to his house, and particular attention to his daughter, he assured him that the proposal of a match for his son with Miss Nevil was all a farce; that he wished nothing more than for a connection with him—only

F 6

desiring

desiring him to have patience, as he could not quite immediately part with enough to settle his son; and assuring him, of what was not true, that the bequest of Mr. Francis was not sufficient for that purpose. Danby retired satisfied. Meanwhile, as Haywood knew that Emma was by far the most advantageous match, he determined not to acquaint his son with the application of old Danby;—(since young Haywood had several times endeavoured to persuade him to break the connection with Nevil); but, on the contrary, ordered him to discontinue his addresses to Miss Danby, as soon as it was rumoured that Frederic was gone abroad—assuring him he had now a chance. His scheme he would not reveal to his son, since he too well knew that he would never consent to make an innocent and amiable girl the dupe of such an ungenerous and unmanly artifice. To account for this change of conduct in his son to old Danby, he told him, that, at present, as they could not marry, it was best “not to make a talk;” to which that old man, who was easy, simple, and good-natured, readily assented.

Haywood

Haywood was too proud of his plans not to communicate them to his wife and daughter; and nothing but the little intercourse they had with his son could have prevented the whole scheme from being revealed to him, and by those means being ruined; believing at present, from several circumstances, that a rejection on the part of Nevil was not improbable, and, immediately upon missing his son, supposing that he had gone to renew his visits to Miss Danby, he was by no means displeased; as the idea of cheating old Nevil, as Nevil had done him, was delightful. The conjecture, had it been formed a week sooner, would have been just; as young Haywood, too generous to trifle any longer with the amiable and gentle Miss Danby, had immediately, upon his entire rejection by Emma, paid his addresses more seriously, had gained her own and her father's consent to their union, and merely entreated their patience until he could procure that of his father; to which the old man smilingly replied, he believed there would be no great difficulty, but would not explain
any

any more, as Haywood had enjoined him to secrecy, lest, as he said, Frank might be in too great haste for him, if he knew it.

Such was the state of affairs when he returned, which he had intended first to have explained to Emma, and afterwards to his father; but seeing her extreme agitation and impatience, and wishing yet more to gain her esteem, and be accessary to her happiness, he determined to perform what she wished, if possible, or at least to undertake it immediately—although he was fully convinced of the absurdity of searching for Frederic, if entered, and of the improbability, if such had been his intention, that he had not by this time accomplished it.

CHAP. IV.

EMMA, however, was to be relieved from anxiety when she least expected it:—this evening was destined for an amusement equally

equally new and delightful. It had long been the determination of the loyal inhabitants of E. to burn in effigy the traitorous Paine: the day after Christmas-day had been fixed for this purpose; but, either by mistake, by fraud, or by the love of mischief, the effigy itself had been lost, stolen, or concealed. Another, however, was quickly constructed, taller, and better proportioned; but no sooner had this new labour been performed, than the original Tom Paine, unaccountably, made his appearance again. They were now reduced to a great dilemma;—it was a pity either should be lost—it was an absurdity to burn the traitor twice over. “By no means,” observed a sagacious figure; “he should be burnt in both his characters, as having rebelled both against church and state.”—This idea, although not acceded to, gave rise to a most excellent plan;—the superfluous character should be denominated Dr. Priestly; and thus their zeal would be equally displayed for each branch of the constitution;—but as the name of the arch

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traitor,

traitor, Paine, had travelled much further than either his book or his principles, the "Rights of Man" could no where be procured. This was first supplied by a book on the holy sacraments; but that being considered indecent, it was exchanged for a French dictionary, which, it was observed, was very appropriate, since, as Paine was lately gone, on the invitation of the Convention, to France, it was highly probable he was occupied in the study of that language; it likewise silyly hinted at his attachment to Frenchmen, and French principles.

The evening was cold and snowy; yet Nevil insisted upon the whole family's accompanying him to the place of execution. Haywood and his wife declared they liked it of all things; but Miss Polly loudly declared against so vulgar an entertainment, and Emma shuddered and trembled at the idea. Miss Polly then proposed that her cousin and herself should be permitted to remain at home; but, as Nevil peremptorily insisted on Emma's accompanying him, and as solitude was by no means agreeable to the
taste

taste of Miss Polly, she at length was prevailed upon to join the party; making, however, a condition, "That some stubble should be strown to accommodate the *ladies*, (viz. herself, her mother, and Emma) lest they should take cold."

At eight o'clock they repaired to the field appointed, and were placed by the zeal and imprudence of Nevil in the first row, which he affirmed was the best place. Emma shrunk from the dreadful spectacle before her;—the red gleams of the fire—the figures suspended resembling real sufferers—the singing, or rather bellowing of "*God save the King!*"—the jingling of bells—the shouts of men, the screams of women added together—appalled the mind of Emma, she almost fainted with terror. The rude and violent struggling of the people behind her, by which means she found herself gradually approaching the fire, added to her distress, and looking for her companions, she found she was separated from them, and none but strangers and horrible looking men were next her. In this terror and perplexity she heard
her

her name pronounced by somebody behind; hoping and concluding it was one of her party, she turned round, when she observed a man in a frock; and as the fire gleamed on his face she recognized Edward Cowslip.

“God bless you, Miss Emma!” cried he, “I ax pardon for calling you; but I got something to tell you, and so I came from B. to-day.”

“I thank you,” cried Emma, confused; “but I wish at present you would assist me to look for Mr. Nevil.”

“No, no, Miss, he man’t hear what I got to say;” then he added, in a whisper, “I’ve seen Mr. Frederic.”

Emma started—“Frederic!” she repeated.

“Yes, Miss, I know ’twas he, though he didn’t speak: he was at L.; and as I heard from Nancy how you took on about him, I thought I’d as good come and let you know; and so, as you wasn’t at home, I come here after you.”

“I am much obliged to you;—but whither was he going? did you see what path he took?”

“He

“He went through L. as I passed him—I just see him—I was in the field, and he in the road; and then I thought he took the road to Chelmsford.”

Emma was about to add more questions, when, feeling a greater heat, she turned round, and perceived that the fire had caught the stubble on which she stood, which had imprudently been laid too near the blaze. Retreat was impossible, as she was hemmed in closely behind, and the outer row could not be made acquainted with her distress before it was too late; she screamed with terror, when Edward observing her situation, courageously and dexterously darting before her, threw himself at length on the blaze at her feet. The wind, which sat immediately in the face of Emma at this moment, by a sudden gust, dislodged the figure of Priestley from his airy situation; and driving him forward, the wooden head of the Doctor was just falling with great force upon her, when a person from the crowd rushing forward to protect her, received it on his own head, and fell senseless

less to the earth. This accident was too much for the already-terrified spirits of Emma: she fainted away, and Edward, who had risen as soon as the flame was extinguished, catching her up in his arms, hurried through the crowd, mowing down all who opposed his passage, rested not until he had reached the house of Mr. Nevil, and consigned her to the care of Mrs. Jagger. Not attending to her questions, he hurried back to the scene of action to join the many in inquiring into the accident of the stranger, whom the heretical Doctor had levelled with the earth.

Of the crowd, part were collected round the stranger, and were quietly making observations upon the accident; how it had been occasioned, and how it might have been prevented, while the rest were madly kicking about the unlucky head of the Doctor, declaring, "that was the part which contained all the mischief." Nevil and Mr. Haywood were running after and enjoying the sport, while Miss Polly stood quite alone, screaming, neither attended to nor heard.

"Lord!

“ Lord ! Lord ! Lord ! ” cried Edward, “ why what are you all after ? here, Tom, (to a young man who accompanied him) lay hold ! ”

Then, with a strong arm, driving the crowd to the right and left with as much coolness as if he had been making his way through a field of corn, he lifted the unfortunate man by the shoulders, and desiring Tom to do the same by his feet, carried him along. The attention of the crowd was now roused, and all began to reflect that some assistance to the stranger would by no means be ill-timed : as he bled much, a young farmer offered his neckcloth, and an old woman her apron, to tie up his head ; but Edward’s silk handkerchief had already accomplished that end. Very civilly desiring them to give themselves no further trouble, except to send for the apothecary, he carried him on to the house of Mr. Nevil, as being the nearest ; and, without ceremony, laid him in the room, where sat Mrs. Jagger and Emma, who was now recovered, and very anxious about the fate of her unfortunate deliverer.

The

The old woman, after surveying him with a candle, uttered a loud scream ; and Emma following her, had nearly again fainted,—when, upon looking on the face, pale and disfigured with blood, she discovered young Haywood.

Run instantly, Edward !” she cried—“ inform Mr. Haywood of this accident—it is his son—and bring a surgeon—go ! go !”

Edward disappeared ; but the good people at the *bonfire* had been very expeditious, or rather, it appeared the surgeon himself was present, for he almost immediately entered : he happened, fortunately, to be neither loquacious nor conceited ; and, without asking questions proceeded to business. As soon as he had been let blood, Haywood opened his eyes, and inquired immediately for Emma, who had left the room during the operation. Emma entered immediately—Haywood held out his hand to receive her—and taking hers, “ Be comforted, my dear Emma,” said he, “ all is well.”

“ I am very happy to hear it,” said Emma—“ I was afraid you were dreadfully hurt.”

“ Ah,

“ Ah, no !” said Haywood, “ you misunderstand me ; I meant what is far more interesting to you than I am—your fears were groundless.”

There was something in this speech, in the manner of its delivery, added to the melancholy figure before her, which wrung the heart of Emma ; she felt the big tears rising to her eyes, and her voice almost choaked ; but being restrained by the presence of the surgeon, she dared not say half what her heart suggested ; she, however, expressed her gratitude in general terms in the warmest manner. The surgeon proceeded to examine the wound ; it proved to be nothing dangerous,—but merely a deep scratch on the cheek, occasioned by a nail that had fastened on the Doctor’s *wig* ; which appendage being singed away by the flames, (not to mention that its condition was not one of the first when put on) the head of the nail had been left to do more mischief than all the Doctor’s writings, or those of his famous fellow-sufferer. Whether they are considered as used by the pastry-cook or the band-box maker,

maker, or consigned to some yet more honourable purpose.

A dreadful clamour was now heard from below, which gradually approaching, Mrs. Haywood and Miss Polly entered, screaming in duetto; the former, rushing by the surgeon, and oversetting every thing in her way, flew to her son, protesting most vehemently that he was murdered; and it was not until he had sat upright, and talked to her some time, that he could convince her to the contrary,—when, however, she observed his actual situation was far from alarming, throwing herself into a chair, “Well,” cried she, in a voice half out of breath, “I was frightened, to be sure.” She then began to relate the adventures of the evening; she described, with great satisfaction, what fun it was to see Priestley kicked about; but, however, she had lost a shoe, and had torn her best apron. Miss Polly had been terrified to death, had fallen over a child, and been rolled in the dirt; had had Tom Paine’s wig dusted in her face, and had lost her hat, ribbons, and feather, with a variety of

of other incidents, so that Mrs. Haywood, half laughing, half lamenting, scarce knew which to do most—to exult in her enjoyments, or deplore her misfortunes. Miss Polly meanwhile wept, and scolded.

The surgeon, as soon as he could take the opportunity of a short cessation, assured young Haywood that he would do extremely well, that the contusion was not of any material consequence, and that his attendance again would be unnecessary, and he would not intrude, unless Mr. Haywood wished it.”

“ Oh Lord! yes, Mr. What-d’ye-call-im,” cried Mrs. Haywood, “ come again by all means—come, to be sure, till he’s cured; but, dear, dear, why where’s Mr. Haywood? Do, Emma, my dear, go and call him.”

Emma obeyed. In crossing the hall she met Edward, who called to her hastily; hoping to gain yet more information respecting Frederic; she stopped.

“ Ah, Miss!” said he, “ I have one sad thing to tell you.”

Emma started—"Of Frederic," said she.

"No, Miss, no; but of our poor Nancy—I waited on purpose to tell you."

Relieved from her first dread, Emma now felt a new concern, since, next to her mother and to Frederic, Nancy stood highest in her affection; she therefore, with earnestness, requested an explanation.

"Oh Miss!" said Edward, "when she came away from you, she did nothing but sit and take on all day; and 'twas no use to say nothing, for she would not be pacified;—so one evening she comes to me—'Ned, said she, there's two things which I must ask you to do, and I dare say you won't say me nay.'—I told her no, to be sure; for there was nothing I would not do for her, because I liked her better than any of them. Then she said, 'If you should ever see Will again: tell him all that I have gone through, and how I have cried for him; and tell him too, that he will never see me again; and the other thing is, if you should ever see any thing of Mr. Frederic, to go and tell
Miss

Miss Emma directly '—I promised, and then she took my hand. 'Ned! (said she) God bless you! we shall never meet again.' And then she kissed me, and burst out a-crying; but I was quite scared, for I thought she meant to make away with herself; so I went home with her, and saw her safe; but next morning she got up before any body, and set off, and went to London."

"To London!" cried Emma—"I hope not."

"Yes, but 'tis certain Miss," replied Edward;—"and I know 'tis all along of that great gentleman that was with Mr. Frederic; and now, by this time, she's ruined, to be sure. She said right enough that we shouldn't meet again—no more we never shall; and I wouldn't wish to see her now."

Edward turned away his head, and held his hand over his eyes.

Emma, although excessively grieved, was endeavouring to comfort him, when the opposite door was opened by Nevil and Haywood;—desiring Edward to go in and

have some refreshment, she delivered her message, and accompanied Haywood to the housekeeper's room.

During her absence, Mrs. Haywood had been receiving from the housekeeper a whole account of the arrival of Emma, and of young Haywood, "brought in just like two corpses, one after another;" which image, she observed, she should never forget the longest day she had to live. She had then disanted upon the merit of Edward, and declared, by way of recommendation, that he was as good-looking a man, Mr. Frank excepted, as she had ever seen. This observation was made just as Emma entered.

"Psha!" cried Mrs. Haywood, "a fig for his good looks! handsome they that handsome do;—but where is the fellow?"

"I don't know, madam," replied Mrs. Jagger.

"Nor you, Emma?"

"Of whom are you speaking, madam?"

"Of who am I speaking? why what's his name there—the fellow that brought Frank home."

"He

“He is below, madam.”

Mrs. Haywood now hurried into the kitchen: observing Edward sitting there, and learning that he was the person she was in quest of, “Well,” cried she, “thou art a good fellow, and shan’t go away without being paid. Here, Molly, give the young man a tankard of ale, and there’s for yourself”—giving him a crown; and then taking out half that sum—“There,” said she, “give that to the other fellow.”

Edward thanked her with one of his best bows; but her husband, who had followed her, fearing her intention, observing this unnecessary generosity, as he deemed it, could not contain himself; getting as close to the door as he could before he ventured to speak, “Ah, Sukey! Sukey!” he cried, “thoul’t ruin me yet.”

Wheeling round on her centre, and setting her hands on her hips, Mrs. Haywood was beginning with great vociferation—“Don’t tell me, Mr. Haywood!”—but he, to whom this phrase had always conveyed peculiar terror, having precipitately made his retreat,

cut short her oratory. Turning again to Edward, "Don't you mind he," she cried, "but if you ever come through W. you shall always be made welcome, for I don't value he not that!"—snapping her fingers. She then wished him good night with a hearty slap on the shoulder.

Edward hesitatingly recalled her—"I ax pardon, Madam," said he, "but couldn't I see Miss Emma once more?"

"I doubt not but if you tells me, 'tis all as one, what you've got to say."

"But will you tell her, and not tell nobody else."

"Oh! you may depend upon me."

"'Tis only then, madam, to say, that I would have spoken to Mr. Frederic, and have followed him, but I was at work; and next day, I could not find him nor Will (for they were together) any where."

"Mr. Frederic!" cried Mrs. Haywood, "why you means the young 'squire—what, you comes from him?" She then left him, and returned to her son.

Poor Edward professed courage, good nature,

nature, and honesty; but unfortunately was full as simple as his sister: he supposed Mrs. Haywood was the housekeeper; and he had understood from Nancy that she was very much the friend of Miss Nevil; and by thus disclosing the cause of his coming, exposed her to much uneasiness; as, altho' Mrs. Haywood kept her promise of not betraying it to her brother or her husband, yet she took great delight in letting Emma know that she was suspected. Young Haywood now begged to be left alone, declaring himself much fatigued. The whole party therefore left him, and joined Nevil below: some time afterwards Mrs. Jagger entered mysteriously, and without being observed, slipped a note into Emma's hand, and disappeared. Emma concealed it immediately; and soon after retiring, opened it, and read as follows:—

“ My dear Emma,

“ At length I have intelligence to communicate which will give you pleasure: I rested no where until I came to East Tilbury.

bury. Here I knew a person, of whom good fortune directed me to inquire concerning Mr. Montague : her name is Williams ; I had hopes of hearing of him from her, as her mother had been nurse to Mrs. Osmond. She informed me that Mr. Montague had been there some time, but was since gone away with her son in search, she believed, of a place. I did not comprehend her, until she told me that his intention at present was to *follow the plough for subsistence*. Much as you will grieve at this, yet I hope that I have been able to remove the most painful part of your uneasiness, since, if you consider the line he has pursued as degrading, it is at least free from danger. I could not resist returning immediately, and should have arrived sooner, but for the inability of the horse, which I was obliged to borrow—my own being incapacitated from returning. I sought you in vain at Mr. Nevil's, and followed you to the field. If you have any further commands for me, I must entreat you to write them, and give them to me. It is no longer, I find, safe
for

for us to meet, as both my father and mother, by various inuendos, have convinced me that the truth is suspected.

“ I remain, my dear Emma,

“ Your sincere friend,

“ FRANCIS HAYWOOD.”

Emma now hesitated what to do; she had already severely tried her cousin's generosity, and exposed him to great fatigue, and even danger, on her account: to urge him to further exertions for her sake, seemed unreasonable and presumptuous; it was likewise extremely ungenerous to take advantage of his good nature and affection; besides, on what pretence could she request a continuance of his inquiries, now she was fully convinced of Frederic's safety? but yet, the miserable idea that Frederic was suffering from want, as was too evident from the course he had taken, tormented her, and she wished to send him relief. She possessed a small sum, part of what her unhappy father had been able to save out of a curacy of thirty pounds; this did not exceed ten

pounds, which, being in a bank bill, might easily be conveyed to Frederic, and would at least afford him a short relief. A recollection crossed her mind, which removed her difficulty: the house of Mr Danby stood not far from the Chelmsford road; and as he rode thither, Haywood might accidentally meet with Frederic.

She sat down to write; she expressed her gratitude in the warmest terms for his kindness hitherto, declaring she would not put him to any further trouble; but if by accident he should hear of Frederic, a circumstance not improbable, as she was informed he had gone towards Chelmsford, she would thank him to give him the inclosed. The letter concluded with expression of sorrow for the unfortunate accident of the evening, and wishes for his complete recovery from its effects. Emma, unwilling to trust any body, was resolved to deliver this letter herself: this she effected with great caution the next morning at breakfast. Young Haywood declared himself perfectly recovered, although his pale looks contradicted that assertion.

assertion. As soon as he received the letter, he disappeared, and, in a few moments, was heard ordering his horse; upon this the whole family was in commotion. Mrs. Haywood arose, and ran out; and she was heard in the next instant exclaiming, in a voice far from gentle, "Why Lord-a-mercy, Frank! what, are you mad? you're exceeding impatient, I think; however, you shan't go to-day."

Haywood made some impatient answer, when Emma, excessively uneasy, went out herself. No entreaties or remonstrances could prevail upon Haywood to relinquish his purpose, until Emma, with pointed expression, entreated him to desist.

"I assure you," cried he, "I have very particular business at Chelmsford, and this is Friday; but, as you are so kind as to request it, Miss Nevil, I will defer it till to-morrow, although I fear I shall be too late."

Emma felt extremely grateful at his readiness to oblige her, and was happy that he had so soon comprehended her meaning,

as she dreaded that his going so abruptly might strengthen every suspicion.

The next day, before any of the family were arisen, young Haywood was gone. Emma, although rejoiced at his punctuality, yet was made very uneasy by the hints on the part of Mrs. Haywood, and the ridiculous altercation between Nevil and Haywood, which his departure occasioned.

Young Haywood meanwhile went immediately to Mr. Danby's; but, for several days, his search was fruitless, since Frederic hitherto remained concealed at S. But riding out one day with the younger Danby, and seeing a man lie bleeding in the road, humanity urged him to alight, and afford him assistance; in which intention he was strongly seconded by his companion, no less generous and good-natured than himself. What was his surprise, even his grief, when he discovered his rival, and the object of his search! Supposing, however, he would not wish to be known, he concealed his discovery, and assisted to convey him to the next public house. The subsequent events
have

have been shewn. The sum which he received from Emma he had trebled, and inclosed it in a cover, expressing that it came from her;—how great was his disappointment and chagrin when, upon returning a few days afterwards, he found it had not been received. These circumstances he immediately related to Emma, which added much to her uneasiness. The letter, in which he had communicated this intelligence, he had imprudently committed to the care of Mrs. Jagger, who being now fully convinced that there was "*something more than should be in all this*," carried it immediately to her master. It unfortunately contained, besides the above circumstances, an account of the present situation of his connection with Miss Danby. "And when our union is completed," concluded young Haywood, "my dear Emma will surely have yet greater reason to trust me, since she then can have nothing to dread from me."—Nevil burst into a torrent of rage; in the violence of which, although she could not join, yet to its justice Mrs.

Jagger

Jagger agreed. They then settled, that it would be best to seal it up, and deliver it to Emma, as if it had been unopened, and afterwards, that Nevil should demand it of her, and read it, with a full accompaniment of reproaches, before the assembled family of Haywood.

The letter was accordingly delivered to Emma, and, in a short time afterwards, Nevil sent for her;—she entered trembling.

“Emma,” cried he, “as I don’t choose you should have any letters without my knowledge, pray where are the last that have come to your hand?”

Emma started and turned pale. “Letters, Sir!” she repeated, “the last which I received, from my mother and my cousin, you have seen.”

“Your cousin! and pray which cousin do you mean?”

“Miss St. Leger, Sir; you, no doubt, read her letter, as it came to me broken open.”

“Yes, yes; and you’re to know, I don’t choose to write any more to that minx, who,
I dare

I dare say, is no better than she should be ; but come, all that's nothing ; you've had letters from your other cousin, havn't you ?”

“From Mrs. Walford, on her marriage, Sir.”

“ Psha ! good Lord ! why I tell you I don't mean none of that fett ; but come, tell truth, you've had some from your cousin Frank.”

Emma possessed too much courage to deny the truth. “ It is true, Sir, I have.”

“ It is true, Sir, you have ! Then pray, why were they never shewn to me ?”

“ You never insisted, Sir, on Mr. Haywood's letters being shewn to you.”

“ Very well ; but now I do insist, and so pray now let's have them.”

“ That is impossible, sir ; they are destroyed.”

“ What, all ! what, the last ! what, the account of the pains he has taken, and found out that beggarly brat of a gentleman is upon the wide world instead of gone abroad ?—aha ! there was a pretty scheme between you ! prettily you contrived don't you think ?—*Pray, uncle, mayn't I walk with cousin Haywood ?* Oh, Emma, Emma !
thoul't

thoul't repent of this, child, I tell thee, thou wilt; but give me the letter, do, and get to your chamber, and don't let me see your face till I have sent all that set, and especially that cat's-paw of yours, a-packing."

Shocked and incensed, Emma instantly gave the letter, thanking him with an indignant air for the trouble he had taken to seal it up again for her perusal; and adding, that she had derived sufficient comfort from it to support her against every cruelty she might endure. Nevil, sarcastically saying "that was lucky," left her. He then read the letter aloud before the Haywoods, reproaching them in the grossest and most opprobrious terms; declaring that he was certain they had plotted with their son, and joined to make a jest of him. Upon this Mrs. Haywood burst into a loud fit of laughter; her husband drew down his mouth in mockery, and bit his nails; but young Haywood excessively chagrined, half repented of his generosity, which he now saw must separate him for ever from the society of Emma. Miss Polly meanwhile, after swelling

ling some time, reddening excessively, and with many disdainful circumvolutions of the chin, began—"Well, Mr. Nevil, I dare say, Sir, there's no need to make so much about; if we an't welcome, we don't want to intrude ourselves; and as to—"

"Well, well, child," interrupted her mother, "'tis no use your putting yourself into a flutter, and looking as red as a turkey-cock; but, howsever, Jack, you can't blame we; you know you was once all cock-a-hoop for Emma to marry young Mr. Montague; and so Frank had a mind you should not be disappointed."

"Ha, ha, ha!" re-echoed her husband, "nor I neither, Sukey;—well, brother Nevil, don't be cast down; you've only to look out for another gentleman who will have twenty thousand pounds when he comes of age, and then, mayhap, she won't be too young—eh, Nevil, don't you remember? *she won't be too young* (the excuse Nevil had made). Oh, you old fool you!"

"Put Mrs. Haywood's horse in her chaise," cried Nevil to a servant who passed the door.

"Indeed,

"Indeed," cried Miss Polly, "but I shan't stir without my breakfast." She furiously poured out the tea.

Nevil rang the bell—"Molly," said he to the servant who entered, "take away those things."

"But indeed she shan't—sit down mamma."

This produced a most violent contest; in the course of which, Miss Polly, by an unlucky, false step, overset the table, and fell, with the miscellaneous contents, on the ground. Rising enraged, she flew towards her brother, and asked him how he could suffer her to be so abused without taking her part. Mrs. Haywood meanwhile had been almost suffocated with laughter; young Haywood, vexed and ashamed, hastily left the room, and meeting Emma, who had come down to learn the meaning of the uproar, he pressed her hand, "Oh, my dear Emma," said he, "we must meet no more; think of me sometimes, and——no, no, forget me wholly; I have no wish to make you uneasy, by causing you to pity me."

The

The enraged party now making their appearance, he hastily kissed her hand, and bade her farewell, and was gone. Emma likewise dreading to be seen by her uncle, hurried away. Mr. and Mrs. Haywood, after appeasing their daughter, and sarcastically wishing Nevil luck with his niece, departed.

CHAP. IV.

THE fate of the unfortunate Emma was now rendered yet more severe; she had now nothing to cheer the gloom of solitude, and Nevil confined her yet more strictly. Patience and fortitude, however, which were necessary to support her, she possessed in an eminent degree; and since Frederic was safe, she thought she had no right to repine. She was much grieved that he would not accept her present, but she confided too much in the generosity of
Haywood.

Haywood to suppose he would let him suffer distress. Consoled and tranquillized by these reflections, she endeavoured to beguile the dreary days by the accomplishments which she possessed, and by reading the few books she had been allowed to bring with her; but the thick and unwholesome air of that part of Essex, added to the constant confinement which she underwent, began to prey upon her health; and towards the beginning of the month of March, the honest surgeon and apothecary declared, that, unless she were removed to a better air, he could not answer for her life.

It was a long while before the brutal Nevil would agree to this removal; but at length, being persuaded by the oratory of Mrs. Jagger, (to whose opinion he always paid great deference) he consented that she should accompany his niece to L.

Happy was Emma when she once more saw her native place, where she first had met with Frederic;—delight, which she had long been a stranger to, visited her heart, and she felt as if at once restored to health.

Nevil

Nevil had been excessively offended with the reconciliation which had taken place between Mr. St. Leger and his sister-in-law; as he supposed it would lessen his authority over her. An account of this he had received from herself, and he ordered Emma to desist from any further correspondence with her mother's family. Emma had been arrived but a few days at L. when she received the visit of Mr. Delaval—a circumstance which gave her much uneasiness, as she dreaded from thence the displeasure of her uncle; but as several weeks passed without hearing from him, she hoped that he would not give himself the trouble of inquiring until Mrs. Jagger had forgotten the affair. Mrs. Nevil meanwhile had written many letters to her daughter, which Emma had carefully answered; but as Mrs. Jagger had obeyed his orders in sending them first to be inspected by Nevil, he had suppressed them, saying, that since his sister “had got away her great relations,” she had no longer any business with his niece.

At the latter end of April, he came to L.

and, upon the first inquiries, he discovered the visit of Mr. Delaval: excessively enraged, he declared that Emma should instantly return to E. her health was now perfectly restored, and there was no longer a pretence for her remaining at L. With an aching heart, she accompanied him on his return, and again saw herself shut in her dreary prison. The last letters from her mother, filled with complaints at her long silence, perplexed her much, since she knew that her answers had been quite regular: she ventured to apply to her uncle, to know whether those letters had gone; and he foreseeing that he should be much tormented by questions which he knew not how to answer, resolved in future not to suffer the letters of Mrs. Nevil to be shewn to her. Thus was Emma cut off from every friend; but her tears prevailed at length on the good-natured housekeeper to deceive her master, and thus she saw several letters from her mother, and one from Mr. Haywood, merely mentioning his marriage with Miss Danby. The letter, however, which she
had

had received from Delaval, Mrs. Jagger thought proper to open ; and finding that it came from Frederic, she was much perplexed what to do : if she shewed it to Nevil, she would increase his anger against his niece ; if she carried it to Emma herself, she should violate her duty, and besides, encourage a connection she had always wished to break off. After much debate, she determined that it would be the best plan to destroy it, which she accordingly did.

The days passed on in one dreary blank, until near the end of June. Emma was sitting alone and lamenting the cruelty of her situation, when the door flew open, and in the next moment her mother was in her arms. Mrs. Nevil had scarce been prevailed upon by the earnest and piercing requests of her brother to remain with him until he was no more—so anxious had the long silence of her daughter made her ; but as soon as he died, she had left Bristol, and travelled with the utmost expedition into Essex, and immediately repaired to E. Fortunately Nevil had not been in the way
when

when she entered, and her access to her daughter had not been prevented.

Mutual inquiries, mutual exultation passed. Mrs. Nevil, in the joy of seeing her daughter, and the happy news which she had to communicate, forgot all her fatigue; and Emma, in the happiness of again beholding her mother, whose countenance, notwithstanding her fatigue, evidently shewed that her health was restored, lost remembrance of her sorrows, and of the menaces of her terrible and brutal uncle. Mrs. Nevil then inquired the cause of her long silence, and taking no notice of her many letters. Emma was much perplexed, and declared that she had answered them regularly, and that, lately, she had been astonished at her mother's silence. They now easily guessed at the real truth, and severely did Mrs. Nevil deplore the necessity which had compelled her to abandon her daughter to the tyranny of such a man as her brother-in-law.

“But, my dear Emma,” she continued,
“the time is now come to deliver you
from

from this imprisonment. I come, my love, to call you to happiness, my brother is no more; besides the fortune he has given his daughter, he had yet considerable possessions, which, at his death, it was his intention formerly to have divided between them; but since our happy reconciliation, he purposed, out of these, to bestow upon me the portion which, (if I had not by my imprudent marriage offended my father) was originally to have been mine. Weak, irresolute, and yet hoping to live, he could never be prevailed upon to make a will; but, in his last moments, he entreated Mr. Walford and Fanny to give the intended portion to me, and likewise to forgive and receive your poor cousin Caroline. Mr. Walford immediately engaged to do both; and he has taken every step to fulfil his engagement. In a short time, then, I shall no longer be obliged to submit to this man's cruelty and caprice; and I need not point out to you, my love, what other roads to happiness it will open before you."

Emma kissed her mother, and wept with

delight: she wished to fly immediately; but Mr. Nevil judged it would be more proper to see her brother-in-law, and declare these circumstances, than to steal away clandestinely. After she had waited some time, Nevil made his appearance; starting upon observing, his sister, he inquired, "What the d—l brought her there?"

She explained the late circumstances, and added that her chaise was waiting to take herself and her daughter away, as she would by no means intrude upon him.

"Oh!" cried he, "take yourself away in God's name, just as soon as you please; but as to Emma, she don't go to your fine quality set, I can tell you:—as to you, I never desire to see your face again, but I shan't suffer my niece to be beholden to none of you for fortune; and I design to get her a husband yet, for all Haywood has played me such a trick."

Emma was thunderstruck. "Surely, Sir, (cried Mrs. Nevil) you cannot be in earnest?"

"In earnest! why not? yes, yes, I'm in earnest,

earnest, and I don't approve of your coming here in this manner without my leave, and so get along about your business."

It was in vain that Mrs. Nevil wept and expostulated; in vain that Emma clung to her, declaring they should not be parted. Nevil tore her away, and carrying her into another room, locked her in; then violently leading Mrs. Nevil out, shut and bolted the outer door upon her. Poor Emma, thrown from the highest hope into the lowest despair, fell on the floor, and burst into a flood of tears; she called upon Frederic, upon Delaval, and all her friends, to help her, with all the idle earnestness of despair, until passion in some degree subsiding, she arose, to endeavour to reason calmly on her fate. She thought perhaps her confinement might not be long, since she might have an opportunity of making her escape, especially if she could gain Mrs. Jagger to her interest; but her hope of doing this, she built upon a frail foundation; Mrs. Jagger was much attached to her indeed, but was more so to her master,

and to what she conceived to be her duty ; besides, that she felt much resentment against her, because the match with young Haywood had been broken off—a circumstance which she could not but attribute to Emma's dislike of it, as she well knew Haywood's attachment to her. These sentiments Mrs. Jagger took care to disclose when she was sent to the disconsolate Emma, an hour after Mrs. Nevil was gone ; and thus her weak hopes were crushed. She was further informed, that her confinement would now be more rigid ; and some insufferable hints were dropped, that it was probable a new suitor would now be introduced. Emma felt her spirits revive ; and she resolved, instead of lamenting to resist, to substitute disdain for sorrow, haughtiness for supplication. Many days, however, passed without her seeing or hearing of any body, except the housekeeper, before whom she was now invariably silent — not condescending to reproach, and receiving with cold reserve her offers to console.

One beautiful afternoon she was sitting at her window, and casting her eyes on the distant

distant corn-fields, already turning yellow, and lamenting her unhappiness, when the recollection of Frederic returned forcibly to her mind; such had been the season when they had been separated the first time when he had gone to Brighton; and she compared her sensations at that time with her present ones. Her uneasiness had then been great; but it had then been wholly on her own account, and then she might be certain in a few months to see him again. "But now (thought she) I know we must meet no more! I shall never more look upon his face, nor hear his voice again; many miles separate us, and at this moment perhaps he has fixed his affection elsewhere."—The tears flowed from her eyes at these ideas, and as she turned them upon his hair, which she wore on her finger, she sighed, and softly repeated his name.

"Emma!" cried a voice, which struck her to the heart.

She hastily looked out of the window towards the moat; a countryman in a frock sat upon the rail under the elders; she

looked a moment on his face ; it was he—it was Frederic himself ! Screaming with surprise and delight, she repeated his name.

“ My Emma ! my love,” said Frederic, “ are you well ? are you happy ? ”

“ I am well,” said she, “ but—” and she shook her head. “ Yes, (she continued) at this moment I *am* happy ; yet no, I am terrified lest my uncle should see you.”

“ He will not—he is in the hay-field ; they are making merry over the last load ;—but let me in, my love, I have much to say to you.”

“ Alas ! I am confined, I cannot move beyond the next room.”

“ Confined ! heavens ! and have you not seen your mother ? ”

“ My mother ! oh, yes, for an instant ; but my brutal uncle drove her away, and has since confined me here.”

“ But your mother is independent of him ; how dares he confine you then ? trust me he dare not.”

“ Why then have they not delivered me ? am I to suppose I have no friend left ? Oh,
no,

no! my mother, never would abandon me, if it were in her power to succour me."

Frederic paused a moment, and looked on the ground; then suddenly, "My Emma," said he, "do you yet love me?"

"What an unkind and ungenerous question!"

"And can you trust me?"

"In any thing."

"With yourself?"

"What can you mean?"

"There is time for you to escape; Nevil will not return this hour."

"How can you know?"

"I saw Mrs. Jagger; she told me so on inquiry; understanding in your letter that she was your friend, I explained every thing to her, and begged permission to see you; she shut the door in my face, and I thought she was gone to apprise you of my coming; but I waited until I grew impatient, and walking round the house, I perceived you at the window."

"She is just gone," said Emma, "but she did not mention you;—speak quickly—
she

she will soon return—she is no longer my friend—what have you to propose?”

“Your window is not high, have the courage, my love, to leap from it—I will receive you in my arms—I will convey you immediately to L. to your mother.”

Emma opened the wide and lofty casement; with sudden resolution, springing lightly on a table which stood before it, she had already set one foot on the sill, when the door opened, and Mrs. Jagger entered. Flying towards her, she caught her foot—Emma screaming with terror, and starting back, fell in her arms.

“What now, Miss?” said she—“why what the deuce are you after now—going to break your neck!” Then looking out, and observing Frederic, she expressed as much rage as her simple bosom could feel. “Oh, fie upon’t Miss! who’d a-thought of such a thing!—dear me, dear me! I must send for master directly, and let he know of your ways.”

Emma

Emma disregarding her, again flew to the window. "If you doesn't come back, I'll raise the house, and send for master."

"Do as you please," cried Emma.

"Nay, nay, (cried the other holding her) you must be overtaken; and I can tell you, 'twill be worse for the young man."

Knowing the brutal cruelty of her uncle, and seeing no probability of their escape, now they were discovered, Emma's spirit's funk. Leaning out of the window, "Frederic, dear Frederic!" said she, "I am discovered, I cannot go. She represented the danger and the certainty of being overtaken; but Frederic pleaded earnestly with her not to delay. Mrs. Jagger observing this, said they must do as they please, and hastily departed. Yet more alarmed, Emma begged him to consider that the bridge was quite on the other side of the house; that, before they could reach it, the family would be alarmed; and concluded with entreating him to escape himself before it was too late.

"What have I to fear?" cried Frederic—
"oh! do not lose time in words; resolve
H 5 instantly

instantly to escape—I will murder the man who dare oppose us.”

“Your courage or strength will be vain against so many,” said Emma;—“oh, go, Frederic, if ever you loved me, go!”

At that moment several servants hastily ran round the corner: Frederic desperately defended himself as they seized upon him, but was soon overpowered, and forcibly driven out beyond the gate, which were shut upon him. Seeing this scheme unavoidably frustrated, he regretted that it had been undertaken; and upon reflection, knowing that Nevil could not legally detain Emma, and considering how improbable it was that her mother and relations, equally affectionate and powerful, would desert her, he attributed the delay of her deliverance to accident, and did not consider it as less certain. To be more assured, however, he determined to seek for Mr. Nevil, and ask an explanation;—longing anxiously to see Emma once more before he went, as he had many questions to ask her,

(the principal of which was, the reason that he had not received an answer to his letter) he determined if possible to speak to her again in the evening after it was dark, and acquaint her with his intention of seeing her mother.

At a late hour he climbed over the gates, and waited under her window, in hopes that the freshness of the evening might tempt her to open it; but he was disappointed. The night wore away, and the dawn faintly appeared in the east, while he anxiously paced before the window, yet it remained unopened. At length, dreading that he might be discovered, and by that means render the situation of Emma yet more uncomfortable, he turned to the window and bidding it adieu with vain fondness, hurried to the gate, and leaping over it, repaired to the village of E.; but as nobody had yet arisen, overcome with fatigue and watching, he threw himself down under a bank, and slept till the morning. Inquiring at the public house if Mrs. Nevil had been there, he learnt that she had been gone a

few days, and might probably be found at L.—thither, after taking some refreshment, he proceeded. His late laborious employment had inured him to fatigue ; and the journey to L. when compared with that from West H. to E. was trifling. He arrived there early in the afternoon ; but he was disappointed once more,—Mrs. Nevil was gone to London. Frederic was much mortified at this second rebuff, especially as to pursue Mrs. Nevil any further was impossible. After a short debate, he determined to write to Mrs. Nevil, and then to return immediately to West H. In his letter he apologised for the liberty he took, acquainted her with the uneasiness of her daughter at not having heard from her, and concluded with relating his having seen Emma at E. and the other circumstances. This letter, by some mistake, never reached Mrs. Nevil.

Frederic, unwilling to remain at L. proceeded to S. to stay the night ; and late the next morning, set off on his return to Yelverton's. Upon his entering the yard, he
was

was met by Joshua; the young man raising his hands, began humourously chanting "Oh dear, what can the matter be? dear, dear, what can the matter be?" It was some time before Frederic could gain an answer to his repeated question of what he meant.

"Mean!" cried the other, "aye, what do I mean indeed! why here's been the Lord and all of people after you, for everlasting on 'em, and not a soul could get out of them what they wanted—but where's Frederic? where's young Nevil? was all the cry."

Frederic trembled with anxious hope at this information. "Joshua," cried he, "can you recollect their name?"

"No, not I—'nation outlandish ones though."

"Indeed!" cried Frederic, with increasing eagerness—"was it—can you remember—was it Montague?"

"No, no, no," said Joshua, "been that I could a-thought of such a one."

"Not Montague!" said Frederic, sinking
with

with baffled hope, "then perhaps it was Delaval."

"Aye, that's more nigher the matter; but that wan't all—there were two or three; now what could they want?"

"I cannot say," cried Frederic, "'tis of no consequence;—but what did you tell them?"

"I said you was gone to see your friends, and the lady asked what friends? I didn't know—now what friends have you been to see?"

"A very near relation," said Frederic; "but did they talk of coming again?"

"One turned to the other and said, 'Well, let us say no more at present; it will all be settled shortly, and then we will come again.'"

Frederic was unwilling to ask any more questions, least he should betray himself; telling him that they probably came upon some business relative to the young lady who had been at West-Moor Farm, he left him.

CHAP. V.

WHEN Miss St. Leger had left the country, Nancy, unwilling to go to London, had hired herself to Yelverton as housemaid at the farm where he resided. When Frederic returned, however, she was gone on some errand to West-Moor; and as she would not return until the evening, and had requested him very earnestly to let her know about Miss Emma as soon as he could—a request which had pleased him much;—he determined to go there as soon as the business of the day was concluded, and enjoy the pleasure of talking about his Emma, and unbosoming his uneasiness to the only person he could venture to trust.

Nancy was overjoyed to see him—asked a thousand questions in a breath—rejoiced to hear that Emma was well—grieved and resented her confinement—compassionated
Frederic's

Frederic's fatigue and disappointment—wondered at the late visitors at Yelverton's—and, on a sudden, interrupted herself with
“ But oh dear, Mr. Frederic! I've got such a thing to tell you! dear me! oh dear me! I han't outgrow'd it yet—it hurts me now; you would persuade me, Sir, so you would, that there was no such thing, but it goes all for nothing, for I'm sure 'twas he as sure as I'm alive.”

“ Was who?” said Frederic, “ what are you talking of?”

“ Oh, Sir,” cried Nancy, with a deep sigh, “ who should I mean but my poor dear Will.”

“ My friend Will!” cried Frederic, “ and what of him?”

“ Why, Sir, you see I live at East-Moor now, so I hadn't fetched away my things, and the evening after you was gone, I thought I'd go after them; so as I came back, thinking, as you had said so often, that things didn't walk, as people said, I thought I'd e'en come home the shortest way, by West-barn: (oh dear! oh dear!)

Well,

Well, Sir, I'd bought a sheet ballad ; and so, thinks I, I'll read it as I go along, not thinking what a lonesome thing it was ; but it began, I thought, pretty, and it was so dizzy to read walking, that I stopped (Lord-a-mercy upon me!) under the two elms."

While she was talking, Nancy had been rummaging her pocket ; and now producing the unfortunate affair, in no very good plight, she gave it to Frederic.

Now, Sir," said she, "do read it—'tis quite long, and cost me a penny, and it goes in the same manner as, 'Will you hear a Spanish Lady,' and 'My wife Joan's a presbyterian,' and the like. Now do read it, Sir."

"Nay," cried Frederic, shuddering at the length of the production, and almost laughing at a ridiculous figure, which stood stiffly upright, and a great eye up in the clouds, which adorned the performance, "Nay, but let me hear your adventure first, and I will survey this production."

"No, Sir, my 'venture hangs by that, as I may say,—for if I hadn't read that, I shouldn't

shouldn't have been half so much scared;
so now pray read it out loud, and I'll tell
you how it all happened."

Frederic, unable to elude, and unwilling
to refuse her request, armed himself with
patience, and began as follows:—

THE BALLAD.

IT was early in the morning,

Long before the break of day,

From the wood young John returning,

O'er the meadow took his way.

Why does cruel hate and malice

Sit so ghastly on his brow?

Why does yonder grave beside him

Ope its fearful jaws so low?

Oh! must ever bounteous Nature

Only bless her work in part?

Ever must a lovely feature

Hide a hard and cruel heart?

Why should blue and glitt'ning beauty

On the fearful serpent shine?

Why should many a deadly berry

Richly cluster on its vine?

Through the clouds the star-light breaking,

Dimly gleam'd along the plain;

O'er the path so long forsaken,

Once he bends his steps again.

Yonder

Yonder is the damsel's dwelling,
On the dreary heath forlorn ;
Where long Shame and vain Repentance
Usher in each bitter morn.

Lovely was her origin beauty,
Lovelier than a tongue can speak ;
Like the clouds in early morning,
Rofy-dappled was her cheek.

As the dew-drops in the morning,
That in summer hare-bells lie,
When the early sun is rising,
Blue and sparkling was her eye.

On her lips sits smiling Pleasure,
Where they gently swelling meet ;
Not the apple blossom op'ning
Is so ruddy or so sweet.

Sunshine play'd upon her childhood,
Sweet for her the morning rose ;
Playful jocund pass'd the day-time,
Sweet the dewy evenings close.

Vain are human hopes and pleasures !
Rapidly they wing their way !
Not the dust is half so idle,
Flying on a summer's day.

Many a morning rises lovely ;
Sweet its early glasses run :
Thick and white the vapour rising,
Slowly blots the mid-day sun.

So did sweet and early pleasure
Smile deceitful on her bloom ;
So did shame and scandal bitter
Wrap her future hours in gloom.

Dark and faded in the distance
Are her early pleasures flown;
Never voice must whisper comfort,
Since her innocence is gone.

Ellen! fairest! most unhappy!
Bid to Hope a long adieu.

Turn your eyes to yonder woodland,
That a tale of scandal knew.

Oft the lonely ev'ning wand'rer,
Through the reeds a sigh may hear;
Early in the summer's morning
Ev'ry blue-bell sheds a tear.

Shall the loveliest sun in summer,
Shall the pleasant wint'ry flame,
Ever break thy cloud of sorrow,
Ever cheer thy night of shame?

Ah! 'tis not the loss is bitter—
Virtue gone beyond recall;
But by him to be forsaken,
Him for whom she suffers all.

Whither, Ellen, art thou looking?
Idly must thou sit and mourn,
There you saw your love departing,
There no more he will return.

Go again unto your pillow,
There your restless head to lay:
Darkling see him in your fancy,
Weep the dreary night away.

Vainly yet thou would'st in slumber
Seek awhile thy woes to hide;
Idly on thy pillow turning,
Thorns are strewed on ev'ry side.

Hark! how loud the blast is blowing!

Is it fancy strikes thy mind?

As the storm is roughly sweeping,

Sounds are flying in the wind.

Oh! 'tis he, thy lover calls thee

Through the deaf'ning tempest's din:

"Rise, my love! my gentle Ellen!

"Rise and shelter me within.

"Sad and cheerless is the morning;

"Clouds are rising fast behind;

"Wildly onward are they driving;

"Rain is singing in the wind.

"Once again I come to woo thee,

"Once again thy heart to win;

"Rise, my love, my gentle Ellen,

"Rise and shelter me within."

She has risen from her pillow,

Swift to grant her lover's pray'r;

As she sees his figure standing,

Faintly through the dusky air.

He has thrown his arms around her,

Gently he has clasp'd her waist:

"Ah, my John!" she softly whispered,

"Art thou, art thou true at last?"

"Oh! then come within my dwelling,

"Where so long since thou wert gone;

"Never gladsome voice has sounded,

"Never happiness was known.

"Think not of the past, my Ellen,

"From this hour no more we'll part;

"In thy gentle arms I'll shelter,

"Let me live within thine heart.

"But

"But, my love, I must not enter,

"We must hasten far away;

"Friends await us at a distance,

"At the early dawn of day.

"Ah, my Ellen! do not leave me!

"Fly with me beyond the grove;

"There shall kindest friends receive thee,

"There the church shall crown our love."

Heard you not, deluded Ellen,

Midnight ravens take their flight?

Heard you not the death-watch sounding

Through the stillness of the night?

Heard you not the cock untimely,

Long before the morning, crow?

In the dark and lonely ev'ning,

"Heard you not the heifer low?

Ah! in vain each friendly warning,

Loft before the voice of love,

Where his gentle words have call'd her,

She must hie to yonder grove.

Now the clust'ring boughs receive them,

Far beneath their blackest shade;

Far through many a tangled briar,

Passing to a moory glade.

Now with spiteful joy he ey'd her,

Wond'ring whither she had come:

Mocking then with cruel laughter,

Bade her welcome to her home.

"Foolish damsel! fondly dreaming,

"When love's fire has ceas'd to burn;

"Long since sick'ning in enjoyment,

"E'er again it can return.

"Ruin'd

" Ruin'd, lost, and unprotected !

" Call thy brother from the main ;

" Cry aloud, and he shall hear thee—

" He shall threaten me again.

" Vain his threats, in vain your crying,

" None can hear, and none can save :

" All the night have I been lab'ring—

" Ellen ! yonder is your grave.

How did mad and killing horror

On the hapless Ellen seize,

As she clasp'd her hands in anguish,

Wildly falling on her knees.

" Oh, have pity yet upon me !

" Not unheard to you I cry :

" All my sin is fresh against me,

" Do not, do not let me die !

" Oh, is all your love forgotten !

" Call to mind the hours so sweet ;

" Ev'ry field and pleasant woodland,

" That so oft have seen us meet.

" Sweet those hours, though gone for ever,

" In rememb'rance yet remain ;

" Let me live still to lament them,

" If they ne'er must come again.

" Think upon the lovely meadow

" At the pleasant close of day ;

" Call to mind the luckless moment,

" When I gave my peace away.

" Oh, have pity yet upon me !

" Not unheard to you I cry !

" All my sin is fresh against me,

" Do not, do not let me die !"

Cruel

Cruel he, and tiger-hearted,
Lov'd to taunt his prey awhile :
Silently he stood beside her,
With a fix'd and ghastly smile.

Now the rosy eye of morning
Broke in part the nightly shade,
And the pallid ray of twilight
Gleam'd upon his ruthless blade.

" Hear me yet ! oh, cruel, hear me !
" Stay," she cried, " thy murd'ring knife !
" Oh, have pity on your infant !
" Spare, oh spare its little life !

" Oh, can nothing, nothing move thee !
" Is no feeling in thy breast ?
" Dying's yet a boon I'll ask thee—
" Grant me but my last request.

" Once to throw my arms around thee—
" Once to hold thee to my heart ;
" Yet to fix my eyes upon thee,
" Yet to grieve that we must part.

" When these lips in death are livid,
" Fondly which so oft you've pressed ;
" When no brother can recall me,
" When my woes shall be at rest.

" Yes, when these poor limbs are moulder'd ;
" Heav'n yet blest thee, cruel John !
" God of mercy and forgiveness,
" Give thee peace when I am gone !"

As she fix'd her eyes upon him,
Rosy life flow'd fast away ;
In the night of death she clos'd them ;
Breath forsook her sinking clay.

In her earthly cell he laid her,
 There unfound, unknown to lie;
 Hidden there from all observance,
 But of God's all-seeing eye.

Maidens be not over-forward—
 Man is falsest when most kind:
 Not the reeds are half so hollow,
 With'ring in the wint'ry wind.

Warn'd by Ellen—oh beware you!
 Fly betimes the treach'rous snare;
 Not the giddy leaves in autumn,
 Which the northern tempests bear,
 Are so worthless as the damsel,
 Who in shame has fix'd her fate;
 First to scorn, is her destroyer,
 Sick'ning love is chang'd to hate.

Falt'ring now he left the woodland,
 Fast his distant home to find;
 Ev'ry sounding leaf appal'd him,
 As it trembled in the wind.

Not the wretch in sickness sinking
 In a dungeon damp confin'd,
 Ever knows the hopeless anguish
 Of the murd'ers guilty mind.

What avails the night returning?
 Vain he tries his eyes to close;
 Blood before their orbs is streaming,
 Furies tear him from repose.

Dreadful shapes of grinning horror
 Swiftly o'er his fancy run,
 As he counts the hours impatient,
 Till the rising of the sun.

Ah, what fun could bring him comfort!

Gay for him it smiles no more;

Ev'ry field and ev'ry woodland

Tell him that his peace is o'er.

Long since Ellen is forgotten,

Now no more her name we hear;

All believe that shame has driv'n her,

To a distant country far.

Now it is the dreary season,

Bitter winter holds his sway;

And the happy sons of labour

Celebrate their holiday.

Many a cheerful lad and maiden

Gather round the blazing hearth;

On their cheeks is pleasure glowing,

All but John can taste of mirth.

He, all madly wild, despairing,

Sick'ning from the cheerful light,

Flew along, he knew not whither,

Through the dim and lonely night.

Through the ling'ring wither'd oak leaves

Voices whisper'd as he pass'd;

Distant shrieks of horror sounded,

Furies danc'd upon the blast.

Now uncertain shapes were thick'ning

In the blackness of the storm;

Still to sight the vision growing,

Slowly rose pale Ellen's form.

Ghastly was her eye, and hollow,

Sadly fix'd upon the ground;

While her hand, all pale and wither'd,

Pointed to a gaping wound.

“There!

“There! there, Sir!” exclaimed Nancy, “that was the part! and then, and then!—I looked through the elms, and I saw him—that is his spirit—get over the gate!”

Frederic looked earnestly at her—“Are you sure,” said he, “that it was Will?”

“Sure, Sir! yes, yes, I saw his back as plain as could be.”

“I hope you conjecture right; for then, no doubt, he is alive. How was the figure dressed? no decent ghost would appear without its clothes, I should think.”

“Well, Sir, well,” said Nancy, “you may laugh if you please, it makes no odds; but I certainly saw him, and in a great coat.”

“I asked,” pursued Frederic, “in order that I might guess whether he had enlisted or no; and as that dress is equivocal, I think it very probable that you saw him; not in spirit indeed, but alive; and that he is a soldier, and probably quartered at Danbury Camp; therefore, you should be comforted, Nancy, instead of terrified.”

“Ah, Sir!” said she, “I don’t think

so at all; but if I did, it would be no great comfort to me."

"No! not to know that he was alive?"

"What, and a foldier! no, Sir, I'd rather, aye that I had, that he was dead, than to be a foldier; if he's been a foldier all this time, he's spoilt long ago."

"Spoilt! how so?"

"What, Sir, don't you suppose he would be like the rest—drunken good-for-nothing things? Ah, Sir! those grand people that make all these wars little think or care how many a poor heart aches to see them, as they loved the best, and were once good, enticed away, and led into all manner of wickedness, till they are good for nothing, neither for themselves nor any body else. No, Sir, if my poor Will is in his grave, I shall always cry when I think of him; but I had rather he should be there, than to be alive, and be a foldier;—besides, they've forced him into it; for I know he always knew better than to mind their ribbons, and their feathers, and their money, and to throw himself away for such things."

"Then

"Then, (said Frederic) if they have compelled him, (a thing which in this country I should hope were impossible) surely he will know better than to be led away by their example?"

"Why no, Sir, where a man has given himself up, he sets no store by himself, and does not care what becomes of him."

"Well, (cried Frederic) as we shall pass the heath this evening, we may perhaps see him; he may come that way again, and then I will call to him, and we shall hear the truth; if not, it will be foolish either to perplex ourselves with conjecture, or terrify ourselves with apprehension, since, no doubt, we shall see him in a short time, if he is any where near us."

They then set out on their return: passing the heath, they rested for some time under the elms, waiting with much anxiety. The darkness was now approaching, and the evening was cloudy; they were therefore about to quit their station unsatisfied, when Nancy suddenly declared with a scream that she saw the same figure passing in the same

place, and she clung trembling to Frederic ; he called aloud to the man, who answered immediately ; and Frederic desiring him to walk that way, he obeyed. Nancy and Frederic, as he approached, made many comments on his figure ; it was the height of Will, the size, and the figure ; his coat flew open, his dress underneath was evidently not military.

“ Be comforted, my sister, (said Frederic) he is not a soldier.”

Nancy heard not ; she flew forward, and running to the man, pronounced the beloved name of her Will with rapture.

“ Why how now ? (cried he, as he approached) who wants me ? ”

“ Edward ! (cried Frederic, in a tone of disappointment) is it you then ? ”

Perceiving it was her brother, Nancy, who at any other time would have received the highest delight from thus unexpectedly meeting him, overcome with the sudden bitterness of disappointment, burst into tears. Edward, meanwhile discovering Frederic, was much surprised and pleased ;
but

but when he found that he was accompanied by his sister, whom his fears had represented as a miserable prostitute in London, his joy knew no bounds. Taking both her hands, he gazed on her with affectionate solicitude, "My dear little Nancy! (said he) why where have you been all this time, and never came to see us? Eh! what's the matter? what are you crying for? what, an't you glad to see me?"

"Yes, (said Nancy, sobbing) I am very glad to see you, to be sure; but oh! have you heard of Will?"

"Aye, heard of him! don't ask me nothing at all about it, because 'tis no use my telling you."

"Oh, yes! but do tell me, pray do; I must know."

"Aye, but won't you quite break your heart?—no—I shan't tell you."

"Oh! (said Nancy) I know he is dead; I know I shan't see him again!—never! never! so you may—yes, you may tell me all."

"And is it so? (cried Frederic) tell us,

Edward, at once; suspense is worse than certainty—is our poor Will really dead?”

“Indeed, Sir, (said Edward) I did not see him executed; but——”

“Executed!” repeated Nancy and Frederic in the same breath.

“Why yes, Sir; didn’t you know he was to be shot? though too, you could not know it; but I saw him guarded, and——”

Nancy shrieked at the word “shot;” and throwing her arms about her brother’s neck with a groan, repeated the name of her unfortunate lover again and again in the agony of despair. The good-natured Edward pressed her to his bosom, and tried to comfort her. Frederic, excessively distressed, entreated him to explain what he had said; and Nancy growing more composed, asked them not to stay any longer in that dismal place. Edward took her hand, and looking kindly at her, led her along the path-way; and upon Frederic’s repeating his request, began his story.

“It was one morning last winter, as I was going through B. I met a parcel of soldiers,
and

and they walked close of each side of a recruit, and who should that be but Will. I called out to him, and he directly making way through them, came to me; they all ran after him, however, and laid hold of him. 'Ha, brother Ned!' said he, 'how are you? have you heard any thing of my poor Nancy?'—he spoke quite mournfully.—I told him no; for we all thought then you was come to no good. Then I asked him how he came to list; but then the soldiers hurried him, and bade him not stand talking there.—'Edward, my dear brother, (said Will) I am going to die, they say; I shall never see you nor my dear Nancy again. When you find her, tell her that I never thought any hurt of her for all what they said; and remember me to her, and tell her how I loved her to the last; and ask her to think of me sometimes, and to be sorry for me.'—The soldiers hurried him away as he said that; but I followed them, and offered to treat them all; and so away we went to the White Hart, and then Will told me in a low voice that he had been trepanned—

that he had deserted, but was taken again, and was going to be shot, as they said, and they were marching now to the water's side. Then he took the pot in one hand, and my hand in the other—'Ned, (said he) you know you and I have lived a long time mates together, and we've always agreed very well, and we've spent many and many a merry hour together, and now this is the last pot we shall ever drink together.—And so then, brother, when poor Will is gone, often think of this day, and come to this place; and talk of me, and think of the old times, and take my part, and don't let any of them speak any harm of me, and always be good to my poor little Nancy for my sake.'—The tears fell down poor Will's cheek; then cheering all at once, 'Well, God bless you, brother! (said he) and shook my hand, and drank.—Now, you must know, Mr. Frederic—but if you take on so, Nancy, I man't say any more;—dear dear, you know we must all die."

Nancy wept, shuddered, clung closer to her brother's arm, and sobbed out—"Yes,

that's true, to be sure; but go on, I love to hear it, though it hurts me."

Frederic, whose feeling heart was quite melted, silently wiped away the scalding tears from his eyes, and Edward went on.

"You must know, Mr. Frederic, we had always liked one another like brothers; and so when he talked so, it cut me to the heart. The soldiers got talking and laughing, and took little heed of us; and then Will told me how you and he, Sir, were together, and how he had left you murdered on the road, and the soldiers had forced him along with them. Dear, my heart, (cried I) here'll be a story for poor Miss Emma! thank God though 'tisn't so.—'Aye, poor Miss Emma! (said Will) 'tis a sad thing—'twill break that young lady's heart; but perhaps (said he) Nancy won't be sorry for me; well, so much the better;—but I should like to know what became of poor Mr. Frederic, though I shall never hear that; but I hope he had Christian burial, and we shall meet again soon; and next to Nancy and my poor mother, (ah! my poor mother!) and you,

brother Ned, to be sure there was nobody I liked better.'—'Twasn't a long while before the serjeant said they must go, though I offered them more liquor; but Will said, "No, we had better go, or they will trepan you too; if 'twasn't for fear of that, I'd ask you to go with me, and see the last of me; but that must'nt be."—They didn't hear him say this, but sure enough they did try all they could to draw me in;—but that wasn't my reason for not going—no, not that; but how could I bear to see him shot? But he said, 'Go with me a little way, Ned;' and I went as far as Hilly Horndon; but still he kept saying a little farther, and a little farther, and so I went. Now he wanted to take leave of his mother:—the serjeant denied him; but a young soldier offered to treat him with a bowl of punch at Gravesend if he would let him, because he said it was a sin and a shame to deny a poor fellow such a thing as that; so he gave leave—so Will wanted me to go with him. No, no, no! cried I, I can't stand that; and then I was going—'Oh, don't go yet, don't go yet,'
(cried

(cried the poor fellow) when you go, Ned, there'll be no friend with me.'—So I went with him to East Tilbury, and then he took out his watch and gave it me, and bid me take all his clothes, and asked me to be kind to his mother for his sake; and then he shook hands with me, and we wished one another good bye, and once more he spoke of you, Nancy, and then he went in. I haven't seen nor heard of him since, Mr. Frederic—there's a sad, sad story; but 'tis no use to think about it—we can't bring the old time back—we may say the happiest time of our lives is gone by; but I am glad I've found you, Nancy, and you too, Mr. Frederic—'twas more than I expected; perhaps we may have something better yet, that we think of as little."

"What, (cried Nancy, with a deep sigh) now Will is dead—oh, Mr. Frederic! Mr. Frederic! I can't bear this!"

"It is no more (said Frederic) than you know we expected; endeavour to bear up then, my poor Nancy, against the blow for which you were prepared."

Ah,

“ Ah, no! (said she; weeping miserably, I wasn't prepared; I thought he was dead—I was afraid so—but I hoped he was alive; and I thought then that he didn't love me, and now I know he did to the last.”

Frederic and Edward said all they could to comfort her, but in vain. In hopes of diverting her thoughts, they changed the subject; and Frederic and Edward mutually asked an explanation of their unexpected meeting. Frederic, on his part, related his adventures, and those of Nancy; and Edward said that he had lately come to work at West H. and that he passed every evening by Westbarn in his way home.— Soon afterwards they reached Yelverton's, and Edward left them. Several days passed, in which poor Nancy grew yet more dejected, and often wished she could be with Miss Emma, to enjoy the consolation of lamenting her unhappiness to her, and receiving her pity and sympathy.

CHAP. VI.

IT was now the twelfth of August ; which, being the birth-day of the Prince of Wales, was to be celebrated at the neighbouring camp with a grand *feu de joie*. Thither, to amuse her melancholy and his own, and not without a hope of meeting Delaval, and learning some news of Emma, Frederic purposed to accompany Nancy. It was in the midst of harvest ; yet as it was but for once, (as himself observed) Yelverton good-naturedly gave his consent.

The day was beautiful, and the grand spectacle of the camp appeared to an uncommon advantage. Frederic was contemplating it with pensive placidity, when a coach and four driving furiously by him, arrested his attention. He knew the livery—it was that of Montague ! Frederic exclaimed involuntarily, and hurrying the contrary way

way, mixed in the crowd, who were listening to one of the bands. He had stood for some time absorbed in melancholy reflections, when he was suddenly aroused by an exclamation from Nancy—"Goodness! Mr. Frederic, look, why if there an't Miss Emma as fine as fivepence!"

Frederic started, and turning suddenly round, looked along the line, and saw a young lady dressed in the most elegant style, leaning familiarly on the arm of a handsome young fellow, to whom she was talking gaily, and laughing extremely aloud. He gazed a moment on her features; Nancy was not mistaken—he was convinced they were those of Emma herself.

"Good God! is it possible!" he cried; and then stupified with wonder and dismay, he silently and intently observed what was to follow. The young gentleman beckoned to a servant in a laced livery, who immediately drew up an elegant phaeton.

"We'll drive round, my love, (cried the gentleman) and look for Mrs. Nevil and Caroline; I can't think where that fellow has taken them."

"Oh,

"Oh, no doubt, (replied the lady) they are looking for us;"—and giving her hand to her companion, lightly mounted the phaeton.

Wild with jealousy and amazement, Frederic rushed forward, and placed himself close by where the phaeton must pass. As it whirled by, he bowed; but Emma stared a moment, then slightly inclined her head, and turning to the gentleman, burst into a fit of laughter. Frederic's indignation at this behaviour was excessive, and Nancy said it was very odd Miss Emma should not know him; "but, to be sure, (she added) I think she's altered a good deal—she's not so pretty as she was; and then she's so flaunty, and so comical."

"Distraction! (exclaimed Frederic) is it in this short month she has forgotten me? and with that puppy! Oh, women! women! who can trust you, if Emma is deceitful? how short a time ago was it that she would have fled with me any where, and now so soon, so very soon, to be changed! did not you see her take hold of his arm,
and

and hear him call her his love? oh, horrible, false, false girl! deserted, miserable wretch, that I am!"

Nancy was alarmed at his rage, and endeavoured to pacify him, but in vain; still as he reflected, jealousy and resentment grew fiercer and fiercer; nothing but his own eyes could have convinced him; but they were convinced, and he was stung to the soul. Terrified at his increasing violence, Nancy trembled excessively, and then burst into tears. Shocked at this, Frederic immediately grew cooler, asked her forgiveness for distressing her, and declaring such conduct as that of Emma was equally beneath his notice or resentment, he was silent; and walking from the crowd, he continued in gloomy thought until the line was drawn out.

The sun was just set: as he approached the line, he thought he again discerned the figure of Emma among the company;—she was, however, with another gentleman. As he approached nearer the lady, suddenly turning round, and looking towards him,
her

her black sparkling eyes and her figure immediately convinced him it was not Emma, but his cousin Cecilia. A new emotion seized Frederic at this discovery; he felt half inclined to speak to her, and reproach her for her ungenerous conduct towards him; but he was checked by recollecting that she was not alone. Approaching nearer without being observed, he examined her companion; one view of his face struck him motionless—it was the ungrateful, the ungenerous George Dalby, who in the hour of calamity had deserted him, and repelled his feeble hopes with coldness, with disdain, the most bitter. No longer master of his feelings, and resolving to represent to both the state to which he was reduced by their unkindness, he advanced close to his cousin, and leaning forward, “Cecilia! oh Cecilia!” he exclaimed in a broken voice. Both instantly turned round, both looked a moment in his face; and altered as it was by labour, by the sun, and by misfortune, both instantly recognized him. Exclaiming with joy, each took a hand of his, and warmly

warmly pressing it, "My dear Frederic!"—
"My dear Montague!" cried both in a breath.
"My good fellow! (said George) where
have you been? when did you return to
England? why did you act so rashly?"

"Did you receive my packet safe? (cried
Cecilia, before Frederic could speak) heavens!
how lucky meeting you here! George and I
have been half distracted about you—you
used me very ill."

"Indeed you have (pursued George) but
let us go out of the crowd. Well come,
Cecilia, as we have found him at last, we
will not blame him now—we ought to do
nothing but be happy;—but how you are
altered! if you had not spoken I should
never have known you,"

"Psha! (cried Cecilia) you will never
have done talking; only consider what a
multitude of things I have to ask my cou-
sin, and so many things to tell him. In the
first place, what a queer dress you've got!
have you been to the hall? I have the drol-
lest thing in the world to tell you about my
aunt; but stay, you have not told us any
thing

thing yet—did you receive all I sent you? the packet I mean.”

“ Yes, Miss Montague, (cried Frederic, coldly withdrawing both his hands) I have received both your favours—yours too, Sir; I have not failed to meet with.”

George and Cecilia stared at each other, and then looked at him with inquiring amazement.

“ I mean not, however, (pursued Frederic) to reproach you, I know not that I have any right to complain; if you can be happy, I wish you so, although I have myself long since given up the hope of becoming so. Cecilia! Cecilia! you should not have employed another to insult me; if such were your sentiments, the last poor condescension you could have bestowed upon him whom you once had loved, was to have written those sentiments yourself.”

They had now retired at some distance from the crowd—“ For heaven’s sake, Montague! (cried George) explain yourself. Cecilia never could intend to reproach and insult you; she has risked every thing for
your

your sake; she has never ceased lamenting your unhappy fate; she has sent after you continually; and since it has been in her power to offer you an asylum, has been in despair to learn that you had left the kingdom. You look reproachfully at me, Montague; my Cecilia is my witness that I do not deserve it."

"Indeed I am (cried Cecilia). Tell us, dear Frederic (continued she again, taking his hand, and looking in his face with a mixture of affectionate distress and wonder) why is not the joy of this happy, this unexpected meeting shared by you?"

Frederic paused, and looking earnestly in her face, "Your manner looks like kindness (said he). Oh, Cecilia! my dear Cecilia! surely I cannot be deceived, and wrong you; ah, no! my own eye but too surely convinced me I could not have judged too hastily; and you too, Mr. Dalby—you, with whom I had spent so many a pleasant day, I could not have believed that, in my affliction, you would have deserted me; but Mr. Delaval confirmed my suspicions."

"Delaval!"

“ Delaval !”

“ Yes—but be not angry, you may immediately judge whether I had reason to entertain them.”

Frederic still carrying his letters about him, now produced them, and gave one to each. He observed them closely as they read: George threw down the note presently with a violent emotion.

“ Well, Sir, (said Frederic) what do you say to it ?”

“ I say to it ! (exclaimed he) that it is an infamous forgery—too nice indeed to be detected ; but I never received any request from you, consequently could never send you a denial, and *such* a denial it was impossible I *could* send. I have written continually to Mr. Montague, to learn whither you had gone ; I received no answer. I went to B. and traced you to Tilbury-Fort ; nor was I a moment idle, until I gave up my search in despair, upon learning from your uncle, who had at last condescended to inform me, that you had entered for a sailor ;—such is the truth, Montague, and you will judge how cruelly

cruelly the writer of that infamous note has injured both you and me."

Cecilia burst into a fit of laughter—"Ha, ha, ha! upon my word, my dear Frederic, (said she) my worthy aunt is too great a politician for either of us;—this is one of the most excellent contrivances I ever met with. I recollect having begun a note to one of our dowdy neighbours, and being called hastily away, left it on my desk; upon returning, I found it was gone, and nobody, forsooth, had seen any thing of it. Now my wife aunt well knew that a letter from my maid, unless it contained some of my hand-writing, would have no weight with you; this, therefore, I am sure, is the same, because you know one does not care much about those kind of people I was writing to, and I had torn it in half rather carelessly. Now then; my dear Frederic, the enigma is solved; my aunt stole my name, and added what she pleased to it."

"And I am half inclined to think (said George) that my father indulged me by sparing

sparing me the trouble of receiving your letter, and by answering it himself."

"Then (cried Frederic, with warmth and delight) I may yet say I have friends on earth. Oh Dalby! Oh Cecilia! could you know the hours of anguish these two cruel letters have cost me!"

"Forget them all, dear Montague, (said George) forget them, and come away with us; come and be happy! come, we will endeavour to reconcile you to your uncle—he already suspects the truth of your being any other than his nephew; had you remained, had you submitted, nay, if you will even now make some submission, he will, I doubt not, be reconciled."

"I will make no submission, Sir, (said Frederic, haughtily) he has injured me; I will starve before I will crave his protection,—rich and powerful as he is, I look down upon him, and despise him."

"I cannot blame you, my friend, (said George) and you shall not, while my Cecilia and I can offer you an asylum, make submissions to any man;—come, Montague,

you know I have many doubts of yours to clear away—doubts which, even under these circumstances, I can scarce forgive you for having entertained.

Frederic, who had been attentive to only one part of this speech, now looking earnestly on George, repeated “*Your Cecilia!*”

George laughed, and pressing her hand, said, “Yes, *my* Cecilia; what, have you not heard of my happiness?”

“Well, well, (cried Cecilia) we’ll defer this explanation until it grows rather darker.”

“And why so?”

“Because, you know, it will be highly decent for me to blush; and if you wait till then, you will both be so good as to suppose I do.”

“There is no need (said Frederic) for us to suppose what is apparent, therefore I must not have it deferred.”

“Then, Montague, I must tell you that I am so happy——”

“Piha! (interrupted Cecilia) we all know you are happy enough; you can’t think how much more prettily happiness goes off,
when

when people say nothing about it; besides, it looks as if you were not quite sure, and wanted to talk yourself into it; then let all your happiness be taken for granted, and tell the affair in two words."

"In two words then——"

"You may spare the rest, (cried Frederic) I can guess it. Allow me then, dear George, to give you joy, and wish you many, many happy days."—Frederic sighed deeply, as the recollection of the false and disdainful Emma crossed his mind. "You must both excuse me; it is sufficient for me to be certain that your friendship still exists, that you will think of me sometimes, and that, with pity;—your offers penetrate me with gratitude, but I cannot accept them; no splendor, no riches can now bring comfort to me; I am better alone to lament, to complain, and to think of the old time, for now my last best hope is gone."

"Stay, Montague, (cried George) explain yourself; if you have need of comfort, why should you fly from us, who value your happiness so much?"

“ You are kind to me (said Frederic), and some comfort I have received from you, but it is all you can bestow—but I know you will be interested for me. I would therefore wish to acquaint you with the cause of my grief, but this is an unfitting place.”—Frederic paused.

“ Ah, dear Frederic ! (cried Cecilia) how you have spoiled all my happiness ! tell us every thing which has befallen you ; I suspect we too have been deceived.”

George proposed that they should sit in his chariot, which stood at a small distance, which was acceded to ; and Frederic related, with as much brevity as possible, his adventures, even to that of his having seen his Emma at the camp that evening. George and Cecilia sincerely sympathised with him, and both renewed the request that he would come and reside with them, which he however declined—declaring that he would not be instrumental to Cecilia’s rebelling against her father, adding that he was unalterably determined, until his uncle was reconciled to him, never to appear in any other than
his

his present character. Perseverance in a determination, as has been before observed, was one of Frederic's characteristics; and it was in vain that George and Cecilia urged every argument which affection could dictate. Despair assisted his determination, and he was resolved not to poison their felicity by the sight of his misery, and to be otherwise than miserable, now deserted by Emma, was impossible.

Cecilia at length taking his hand affectionately, "You are right, dear Frederic (said she); in a short time, I doubt not but that you will be received properly; and perhaps, although I speak against myself and my own wishes in saying so, perhaps it would be imprudent to hazard rendering my father irreconcilable against you, by taking you to the hall without his consent."

"But perhaps (said George) to be seen might be of great service; it might awaken some sparks of tenderness in the bosom of Mr. Montague, to behold again the son of his sister."

"Ah, no! (cried Cecilia) I know him better

better than that; it would awaken nothing but pride and resentment. My father has much affection, but more pride, and more caprice: I do not, however, despair of softening him by your unhappy tale. In the mean time, quit that nasty odious dress, and those vile filthy employment,—mercy upon us! you will never be able to appear with your hands.” Cecilia whispered to her husband, and after a considerable bustle, “There, dear Frederic, (said she) take that for your Cecilia’s sake, and leave that fellow’s house there, and take genteel lodgings at C. or elsewhere, and let us hear of you.”

Frederic felt that what he had received were notes; he thanked his cousin with great warmth; and although resolved neither to follow her advice, nor to make use of them, yet would not distress her by refusing them. Taking an affectionate leave of both, promising to write to them, and receiving a promise from them that he should continually be made acquainted with the success of their endeavours, he left the chariot. The evening drew on apace—it was
dull

dull and cloudy. Frederic advanced some way; then turning towards the chariot, he heaved a deep sigh, "No, George! no, Cecilia! (cried he) we shall not meet again! I wish not that we should;—my joys are all laid in the dust—they are trampled under foot—pride, insult, and falsehood triumph over them. Farewell then, dear companions! farewell pleasures of my former days! I go to labour, to sorrow, and to single wretchedness; I go where ye shall not see me more—never, never, never! Now let Montague exert his utmost cruelty, let him turn a deaf ear to my sorrows, he cannot hurt me now: Emma has forsaken me, and all the world fades from my sight."—Again he deeply sighed, and clasped his hands with agonized eagerness; then starting at a sudden recollection, "Nancy! (cried he) where are you?" Again and again he called, but no Nancy answered. Great God! (cried he, trembling with terror) what have I done?" and rushing towards the crowd, he searched among them with tumultuous haste, continually repeating the name of his foster-

sister;

sister; but no one answered. The firing was over, the crowd were dispersing fast; with still greater eagerness he searched, but in vain; he lamented, he accused himself of neglect. Oh, gracious heaven! (he cried) in what a place, at what a time did I desert the poor innocent girl! Nancy! my poor little Nancy! oh, where, where are you? she does not answer, what may she now be exposed to! shrieking in vain to me for assistance. Oh, now, now, indeed, I shall be distracted!" He made inquiries of every one, describing her person, but received nothing but rude or indecent answers.

The crowd were gone, the carriages had wheeled away, yet still Frederic, wild with anxiety, continued his search, not only on the camp-ground, but in the fields adjoining—still inquiring, and still receiving no information. The night came on uncommonly dark—to-morrow was to be a day of long and heavy labour; yet Frederic, vain and fruitless as his search must be, could not resolve to discontinue it; still he bent his course onward, until, overcome with
extreme

extreme weariness, he sat down by a tree, and leaning against it, fell asleep. Dreadful images disturbed him ; he thought that it was his Emma whom he had lost, that it was for her he was seeking, and at last found her in situations too dreadful for thought. He started up, and now the reality returning to his mind, he reflected that any further search for the poor Nancy would be useless, and he hoped that she had taken refuge in the village, where, in the morning, he proposed to seek her. Thus reflecting, slowly and disconsolately he returned to West H.

It was past midnight, when he again distinguished the great oak before the door of Yelverton:—approaching nearer, he thought he observed some object sitting on the bench which surrounded its base ; he repeated the name of Nancy aloud—a joyful exclamation was the answer he received, and immediately a figure arose and met him. As it approached, he perceived it was that of a man : Frederic was delighted—he doubted not that Nancy had found a protector in her brother.

“Ha! what, is it you, Edward?” said he.

Another figure came hastily forward—
“Oh, Mr. Frederic! (cried the voice of Nancy) I have found him; ’tis he, ’tis he, my own dear Will!”

“Impossible! (exclaimed Frederic) Will! can he be alive? Speak, my friend, my preserver, is it you?—you, to whom I owe more than my life?”

“Oh, Mr. Frederic! (cried Will) do not talk so—you owe me nothing.”

“Heaven be thanked! (said Frederic) how heartily glad I am to find you once more! and you too, my little Nancy; what misery I have suffered upon your account!”

“And I am glad to find you, Sir, too, (cried Will) that I certainly am;—to be sure, it was the luckiest thing——”

“Well, well, (interrupted Nancy) I must tell Mr. Frederic myself all about it, and how it was my own fault for not keeping with him.”

They then sat down upon the bench, and Nancy began:—“After you was talking to
that

that gentleman and lady, you know, Mr. Frederic, I thought it was not proper for me to stand and listen to your discourse, so I went a little way off, but kept you still in sight for fear;—but just while I turned my eye another way to look at the firing, you was gone; and the people jostled and jostled, and still I looked, and it grew darker and darker, so I could see nothing of you; then I was frightened indeed; but it was a good while before I could get out of the crowd; for when the soldiers fired, they ran forward, and pulled me along with them; but, however, afterwards I looked for you every where, and ran about, frightened out of my wits; but it grew quite dark, and the firing was over, so thought I, he's certainly gone home, and away I went, lingering all the way quite slow;—but then it came into my head that I was quite alone, and it was a long, long dreary way, and my heart died within me, so I hurried along as fast as I could, listening to every thing, and frightened at every glow-worm I saw; when, all of a sudden, something came brushing up to me, “Don't

walk so fast, my dear (cried a nasty gruff voice), you'll be time enough;—and then I looked, and could see by the twilight that it was a soldier. Then he came up, and asked me how far I had got to go? and I told him a great long way.—‘What, (said he) to Baddow?’—I told him it was a great deal further.—‘To Chelmsford?’ said he.—I told him no, and begged of him to leave me; but he took hold of me, and said, let it be where it would, he'd see me home; and then he tried to kiss me, and was very uncivil; so I shrieked out, and tried to get away, but that was out of my power. Oh, then my heart ached indeed. Oh Will! oh my dear Will! (I cried) where are you now to come and help your poor Nancy. Just then some body jumped out from behind a tree, and seizing the soldier, wrenched him away from me, and the cowardly fellow (he was a very great coward, Mr. Frederic) took to his heels and ran away, and then the other caught me in his arms and kissed me; but then I thought I was fallen into as bad hands as before, till he spoke; and no music
was

was ever half so sweet as his voice then sounded. Oh, Mr. Frederic ! it was Will, his own self; *he* heard me, and it was *he* that came to help; it was he, that we thought was dead, was come once more. He saw me safe home, and then we would not disturb the family, but sat ourselves down here; and he has told me all he has gone through. We thought you were at home, and he promised to come again to-morrow; but, however, it will soon be morning, and we may as well sit here a little longer."

"I sincerely congratulate you both (said Frederic), and you must once more tell your tale, Will, for my satisfaction;—we understood you were shot—by what surprising event did you escape?—but do not begin with that, tell from the beginning, that is, from our separation, all that has befallen you."

Will, seating himself between Nancy and Frederic, began as follows:—"As soon as you, Sir, was beat to the ground, the soldiers all at once set upon me, and overpowered me,

me, and declared that if I made any resistance, they would hand-cuff me, for they were determined I should go and serve King George, and they stuck a bunch of their foolish ribbons on my hat. It was in vain for me to beg of them to let me lift you up, and take you to some house to be took care of; they forced me away. One of them, though a good-looking young fellow he was, stopped with you, and was going to bind up your head, which bled a good deal, but the serjeant called him away; and I saw him put something in the bosom of your waistcoat, which was open, and then he came away, looking back at you all the way. The soldiers stopped at S. and all but this young man got drunk before morning; it was about day-break, when the young fellow, who had seemed to be asleep, lifted up his head, 'Now's your time, ploughman!' said he, and opened the door. I ran out directly; but, as ill luck would have it, forgot to pull off the ribbon, and wanting to know what was become of you, Mr. Frederic, I ran along towards West H. but
before

before I got much beyond the mill, another party of soldiers (about five) met me, and looking at me a moment, blocked up the way, asking me where I was going, and what regiment I had listed into. I told them I was no soldier, and had not listed at all. One of them came up, and pulling off my hat, turned the ribbon towards me, and asked what was the meaning of that? I was struck of a heap; they winked at each other, and all of them surrounded me.— Three of them began to search me, and finding a shilling in my pocket (which was all the others had left me), they thought for certain I was enlisted, and had deserted; so they all cried out that I was their prisoner. I told them the real truth; but they pretended not to believe that I was trepanned, so they forced me along with them, and all of them said I should be shot for desertion. I was glad at first to see that these halted at the Cock, now the others were at the Bell; but they soon found us out, and oh! how sorrowful did the young soldier look when he saw I was taken prisoner. We went on to
B.

B. and still they all said I was to be shot, and that I cared little about, except for my poor mother's sake."

"Indeed! (interrupted Nancy) one would think you might have thought of somebody else besides her."

"Why you know, Nancy, (continued Will) that nothing could make me forget you; I am sure you was always uppermost in my thoughts; but then, after what people said, I thought I had lost you for ever; not that ever I believed any harm of you, only I thought you had forgot me. I met Edward at B. Mr. Frederic; but Nancy tells me he has told you all about it, how good he was to go so far with me, and how, if it had not been for the young soldier, I could not have taken leave of my poor mother. Oh, Mr. Frederic! that was worse than all;—how can I tell you how she cried, how she lamented over me, and said I was her only comfort; and now that I was gone, she should soon be carried to the grave. Ah! well, well, its over," cried Will, correcting the tears which were filling

in his eyes, "she has seen me since, and she's happy now; I left her quite happy, except on your account, and she mourned for you, thinking you dead. At last they tore me away, and we marched to Tilbury-Fort, and crossed the water to Gravesend in our way to Chatham. I found out now by their talk that they had only talked about my being shot, to frighten me; but they expected to go abroad with the Duke of York. Ned has told you, Sir, how the young fellow offered to treat the rest with a bowl of punch, if they would let me see my mother; so we halted at Gravesend; so, taking out a crown, he ordered a bowl, and we all sat down; but he whispered to me not to drink. God knows I had but little heart to make merry; so I minded what he said, although I did not know what he meant; but I took notice that he did not drink much neither, no more than he did at B. Then the serjeant began laughing at me, and he said that he believed I might get off for about 500 lashes or thereabouts; but if I would go quietly, and be sworn in, I should not have to go thro' that,

that, for he would forgive me for deserting. I told him they might do just as they pleased with me, but that I would never be sworn in ; so then they kept talking how men had been flogged till their ribs were laid bare, and how the cat-o'-nine-tails fetched a piece of flesh at every stroke, on purpose to frighten me ; but I didn't mind them, because I thought that such things as that would never be suffered in our country. So they kept on drinking, and the soldier ordered more and more liquor, until they were quite as dead drunk as they were at B. Then the young man rose as he did before, ' Now (said he), recruit, follow me close, and answer nobody ;'—and I followed him (for it was dark) without being seen. The landlord was out of the way, and nobody stopped us ; I still followed him through the street, and we kept on silent till we were quite out of the town. Then he stopped short—' Honest fellow (said he) you are safe ; keep away from the water-side, you will be in danger else of being pressed ; we are going abroad, and you will never hear of

of us again; yet sometimes, and many years to come, when you are merry with young fellows, think of your friend Tom Eastwood; and then he ran back as quick as thought. This makes me sad to think upon, Mr. Frederic; poor Tom was a true friend to me, and now, perhaps, by this time, with many more brave fellows like himself, he is cut to pieces. The first thing I did was to tear the ribbon from my hat, and throw it in the road; then I hurried along, till I was forced to stop to take breath; then I considered what I was to do, all in a strange country, with but one shilling in my pocket. It just then came into my head that I had relations living near Rochester, who were very well to do, and I thought it would be better to go to them, till I could consider what was the best way to get across the water again, which would be hard to do, because of the press-gangs; so I stopped at a cottage by the way side, and I fancy it was then about six o'clock; and I told them I was going to a place by Rochester, and that I had lost my way, and offered

offered them my shilling for a night's lodging; they were very good-natured, and gave me some supper, and took but sixpence, and next day put me in the way to Ifield, where I was going. It was not far; but when I came there, and began to inquire after my aunt, I found she was dead, and had left all her money to her other relations; for, after my father lived in Essex, she knew no more of him, and never heard he had a family; so I went to work with a farmer, 'till a little while ago, as I was walking along the great road, a gentleman's carriage drove past me, and one of the out-riders coming up to me, asked me how far it was to Gravesend? I told him; and then looking in his face, I saw it was your servant, Sir, James; I called him by his name, and he knew me directly.—'Who do you live with now I said?'—'With young 'squire Dalby,' he answered. That name struck me all of a heap. 'There he is (he continued) in the carriage with his lady.'—Oh how glad I was to hear that word! then it was plain he was married; and all that was said about him
and

and my Nancy was false; for James said it was Miss Montague he had married. Well, Sir, James lent me a livery great coat, and I crossed the water as one of Mr. Dalby's servants; but I said nothing about you, Mr. Frederic, because it was no use speaking of you if you was dead, and if not, you would not like them to know what kind of life you had taken up. I saw my poor mother once more; oh! how she looked at me, as if she could not believe her eyes, and cried and laughed, and then cried again, as if she had lost her senses; so I staid with her a day or two, and then set off to B. I could hear nothing of Nancy there, and Ned, they said, was gone to work by Danbury; so to day I came, but have not found him yet, and good luck led me to the place where I found and saved my poor Nancy."

The morning now approached, and Will promising, at the request of Frederic, to come the next day, and if possible get employment at Yelverton's, went away.

Frederic and Nancy waited till the family were arisen, both little expected what sarcasms

casms they were to endure for remaining all the night ; a plain story, however, soon cleared the mystery, and Yelverton promised to find employment for Will.

CH A P. VII.

MANY reflections passed through the mind of Frederic during this week ; his heart began to do justice to Emma ; it reproached him with precipitation and folly, in being so easily persuaded it could be herself whom he had seen at the camp ;—it was impossible that a mind such as hers could so soon and so violently change ; it was the greatest improbability that she had escaped from E. But the young gentleman had named her mother and her cousin, and was it likely that Mrs. Nevil would be there without her daughter ? Frederic compared, reflected, reasoned, but in vain—circumstances

stances could not acquit her; yet there was a feeling in his heart which, until further proof, would not suffer him to condemn; but his excessive love and excessive diffidence nourished jealousy and fears which he would not venture to acknowledge to himself, tormented him incessantly, and rendered his situation insupportably miserable.

He looked forward with intolerable impatience until Sunday, when he was resolved to go to L. inquire about her, and at the same time to call upon George and Cecilia, who, he understood, resided at present at Montague Hall, from whence Montague was himself absent. The long-expected day arrived: Frederic arose with the earliest dawn, and once more traced the paths to L. Here, when he arrived, he found a maid servant, whose face was wholly new to him, but who very civilly desired him to walk in. Frederic inquired for Nevil.

“What, you wants work; well, he an’t here.”

“Your mistress—it will be quite sufficient if I see her.”

“Well,

"Well, well, she an't at home neither."

"Nor Miss Nevil?" said Frederic, in a faltering voice.

"Miss Nevil!" repeated the girl with a grin—"lauk, lauk, lauk! what, hasn't you heard the talk about she?"

"The talk!" repeated Frederic, trembling.

"Aye, there's been the devil to pay sure enough; why she's runned away, runned away in the night, and with a gentleman."

Frederic started with horror.—"In the night with a gentleman!" he repeated—"Impossible! utterly impossible! Emma escape with a gentleman in the night! never, never, never!"

"'Tis true enough though."

Frederic's rage at the cool insolence with which this was uttered was extreme; rising violently—"How dare you utter such a falsehood!" he exclaimed; "it is a fabrication, a calumny; tell me instantly by whose direction you propagate this vile tale, or by heaven!—"

"I tell you I wun't tell ye nothing, if you
frightens

frightens I so; why I wonder what business 'tis of yours,—besides, 'tis nothing to nobody, for every body knows that old madam was privy to it."

"Mrs. Nevil was acquainted with it," said Frederic, cooling at once; "you should have said so, my lass; I beg your pardon, I did not mean to frighten you; but tell me, if you have heard more about it—she is with her mother then?"

"If you behaves *dessent* and proper," said the girl, "I doesn't care what I tells you; but if you goes into them there airs, I shan't say nothing."

"Well, well, well!" cried Frederic, impatiently, "enough of that—what was the gentleman's name?"

"Why I've heard his name," said the girl, "but you must know I am a stranger, and I han't heard the story, only by bits as I may say; but 'tis an outlandish name, and I can't think on't."

"Perhaps you can if you hear it; was it Delaval?"

"No, no, that isn't a bit like it—no more than chalk's to cheese."

"I hope, I hope, then," cried Frederic, relapsing into terror, "it was Walford."

"Not that indeed."

"No! it must, it must have been one of those two."

"Why no, I tell you it wan't—'twas a young gentleman, a *loveyer*, *I am forced to hear*—one as Miss is to have; and so I imagine she's all fine and flaunty now, and counts herself above we sort, and looks down upon old master, for you must know old madam is rich now, and she's got great relations, and so they drives a pretty stroke, as I heard our neighbour say (she came up with me); but she says, says she, there they go to all the fine places, to the races, and to the *camp*."

Frederic, who had sat petrified during this speech, aroused by the word *camp*, uttered an incoherent exclamation, and hurried abruptly out of the house, half distracted, his worst suspicions almost confirmed: resting only on one feeble hope, he furiously bent

bent his steps towards B. and flew immediately to the hall.

He opened the hall-door himself, and running up the great stair-case, entered the first room which presented itself, where fortunately he discovered George and Cecilia sitting at breakfast. Both arose in great surprise at his appearance; Cecilia was beginning to speak, but Frederic walking in a disordered manner to George, "My dear George," said he, "I have a favour of the utmost importance to request of you; there is no time to lose, I must go instantly—it is sixteen miles, eighteen I believe—do not refuse me."

"I will refuse you nothing, Montague," said George; "but, for heaven's sake, sit down one moment—compose yourself."

"You will not refuse me? will you order it directly then? shall I ring the bell, or shall I go? pardon me, Cecilia, I entreat both your pardons, but I am half distracted."

"Say but what I shall order," said George, "and it shall be done instantly."

"A horse—the fleetest horse you have;

I must go instantly—I must be convinced of the truth of what I have heard.”

George rang the bell.—“What have you heard, my dear Frederic,” said Cecilia, “where are you going?—to my father? have you——”

“Oh, no!” cried Frederic, “she is lost, she is gone, they say, and I must know the truth.”

“Who is lost? who is gone?”

“My Emma, my dear Emma, and I am ruined!”

“Emma!” repeated George—“what, Miss Nevil, the young lady you mentioned at the camp?”—Before Frederic replied, a servant entered—“Order Highflyer to be saddled immediately,” said George, “and desire Thomas to get ready to attend me.”

“Sit down a moment, Frederic,” said Cecilia, as soon as the servant was gone, “till the horse is ready, and pray explain all these surprising things.”

Frederic paused a short time to recover some degree of composure; then, after apologizing for his abruptness and intrusion, he

he explained the affair as well as he was able.

“ Ah, Frederic !” cried Cecilia, “ I knew she never deserved you.”

“ I cannot, however, believe this report,” said George ; “ the improbability appears on the face of it ; therefore, with my Cecilia’s leave, I will accompany you to Mr. Nevil’s residence, and we will inquire into the affair ; with regard to Delaval, he has lately behaved so extremely cold to me, that it is impossible for me to gain any information from him or from the St. Legers.”

“ Well, I shall be dismal enough alone all day,” said Cecilia ; “ but no matter, I’ll make some good soul in the neighbourhood happy, by doing them the honour of inviting them to sit with me, so you may go ;—but let me see—good heavens, Frederic, pray change your dress—the servants will think you have dropt from the clouds ; I’ve locked all your clothes up ever since you have been gone ; there, there’s the key, go along.”

“ My dear Cecilia,” said George, “ how can you be so ridiculous as to wish him to

lose time about such trifles, when his impatience must be intolerable."

"Well, well, but he must change that nasty silk handkerchief—I declare I shall be shocked to death."

George meanwhile had ordered another horse, and both being now ready, Cecilia's request could not be complied with, and not a little wonder and curiosity did the appearance of Frederic excite.

"Let us hasten, for heaven's sake, Dalby!" said Frederic, as soon as they were mounted, "what time do you think we shall arrive?"

George answered "by half an hour after eleven, if it is eighteen miles."

He then proposed that Frederic should remain in the village of E. and himself would inquire at Mr. Nevil's, as it was very unlikely they would see Frederic; or even if they did, that they would give him any answer. This was agreed to, and they arrived at the time they expected. Miserable was the impatience which Frederic suffered while he awaited the return of Dalby; at length he arrived, but his countenance

as

as he approached foreboded no good news, and dashed the last faint hope of Frederic.

“ Well, my friend,” faintly articulated he, “ well, Dalby, how is it? am I miserable?”

“ I hope not.”

“ You hope not! with that manner! then it is so! she is gone!”

“ Before I say any further, let me ask you, Montague, why should those who deserve not your esteem disturb your peace?”

“ Oh! then it must, it must be! she is gone then; do not hesitate—tell me at once—do not drag me out upon lingering suspense—she is gone?”

“ She is.”

“ Indeed! but is she? is she gone indeed?”

“ She is indeed.”

“ But George, but Dalby, are you not deceived? are you certain? are you indeed certain?”

“ I am certain—too certain.”

“ Gracious God protect me!” cried Frederic, “ I shall be mad;—she is gone with another man—she loves another;—stay, I’ll

not believe it, I'll go myself—who shall dare oppose me? they have confined her—they have imposed upon you.”

“Stay, Montague,” cried George, restraining him with a look of pity, “stay—listen to what I have to tell—listen one moment—compose yourself—endeavour at a little fortitude.”

“Why what have you to say?” cried Frederic, “is there any thing yet worse? Fortitude! yes, I have fortitude, but not enough to remain here;—be brief then, I entreat you, Dalby.”

“I inquired at the house for Mr. Nevil—a little girl informed me that he was at church; that if I was come for Miss Emma, I was welcome to look. This surprised me. I inquired if Miss Nevil was at home? she answered no, but I might look. I resolved to take her at her word: there was nobody within but this child—all the rest were at church. I therefore searched the house entirely—I am certain I missed not a single chamber—but——”

“But (interrupted Frederic) she was not there!”

“She

“She was not; I searched every out-building, but in vain. I then asked my conductress whither her young mistress had gone? She answered that Miss Emma had got out of her window in the night, and had run away, and the gentleman was seen buying a rope-ladder, which hung by the window in the morning; and the man will swear to the ladder, that it was the one he sold. I asked her the name of the gentleman; she could not tell. I repeated those of Delaval and Walford; she was certain it was not either; but added, that her aunt said it was Miss Emma’s sweetheart.”

“Enough, enough! (exclaimed Frederic) I am convinced, I am now convinced beyond doubt, that it is to her mother that my Emma is fled; the rest is calumny—a name is easily forgotten, or it might be some other friend.”

George shook his head.

“Oh, Dalby! (continued Frederic) had you seen her but a few weeks ago—it is not a month—had you seen her look so kind upon me, just ready to leap into my arms;

had you heard her sigh, and pronounce my name, when she knew not that I was near, you would not so easily be led to condemn her ; no, my Emma, I must have proof indisputable before I suffer suspicion to rest upon your actions—a better proof than the calumnies of a wretch ; but I will see him, and wring the truth from him.”

They now observed many persons returning from church : Frederic arose to seek Nevil ; but George, unwilling that they should meet in the street, proposed sending a message to him by his servant, requesting his company at the inn. After some persuasion, Frederic agreed to this, and George sent a message in his own name, lest that of Frederic might not be attended to.

After some time, Mr. Nevil appeared—“ Ah pardon,” cried he, in a voice out of breath, addressing himself to George without seeing Frederic, “ but I take it you’re the gentleman—I don’t know you though.”

“ Perhaps not, Mr. Nevil,” answered George ; “ but if you turn your eyes that way, your recollection may be more fortunate.”

Nevil

Nevil turning and observing Frederic, started with great surprise, "Aha! what's that you, Mr. Montague!" cried he, with a grin; "oh! I guess your business, but you're choused—you're done—I say, the bird's flown."

"Doubtless, Sir, if I comprehend your meaning, Miss Nevil has escaped from your tyranny, and is with her mother."

"Well, Sir, and if you're sure of this here, what does you want with me? you seem to know all about it."

"Yes, Sir, I do know all about it," cried Frederic, warmly, "and I sent for you to insist upon certain calumnies being contradicted by you."

"I can't say, master Montague:" answered Nevil, seating himself with great composure, and drawing his arm over his chair, "I don't understand your high-learned words; but I'll tell you plain truth:—Here was one morning comes my housekeeper, scared out of her wits—'Lord, master! (says she) here's Miss Emma got away!'—Lord fool! says I, how came that in your head? Up

goes I—there was the cage—bird was flown—window open—rope ladders hanging down to the ground. Well, you be certain there was a great piece of work. Up comes my boy with a letter in his hand, and tells me Miss gave him half-a-crown to put it in the post. I gave him a shilling, and he gave it to me—it was for you, Master Montague.”

“And how dared you, Sir, (cried Frederic) detain a letter directed to me?”

“Softly, Sir, (cried Nevil) I have got this letter, if my pocket-book is about me;—aye, so, here it is. There, I meant to give it you into your own hands; you know the writing, I take it.”

Delivering it to Frederic, Nevil arose, bowed, and left them with a glance of spiteful satisfaction. Frederic snatched it eagerly; it was evidently directed to him in the hand of his Emma; he tore it open, and read as follows:—

“SIR,

“This night I fly to liberty, to the arms of those whom I love above all the world;
your

your persecutions are at an end : I despise you for inflicting, myself for submitting to them. It is high time to drop the mask of artifice, interest being no longer in the way, I no longer hesitate to listen to the voice of love—my mother, I doubt not, will approve of the step I take.”

“Father of mercies!” cried Frederic, interrupting himself, “did not her mother then know of her flight! what horrible thing is next!”—He went on.

“I am above false shame, and it is with confidence, with exultation that I speak it, I fly with the man I love.”

“Oh, give me a little patience!” exclaimed Frederic;—“aye, that was the phrase, *the man I love*.”

“My affectionate relations will receive me with their wonted kindness, and I shall look back with delight—that delight with which we contemplate pains which are gone—on the hours I have wasted with you; yet I can scarce forgive you the many things I have suffered from my connection with you. Farewell, Sir; if your low and contemptible

contemptible employment ever suffer you to turn a thought from it on me, you, I hope, will regret this; if not, it is of little consequence, as you will probably never again behold, or at least be noticed by the happy

EMMA NEVIL.

P.S. Any visit to my mother on my account will be considered as impertinent, and treated as such."

The colour forsook the cheeks of Frederic as he read—the sickness of despair came over his heart—silently he gave the letter to George to read, fixing his eyes upon him with melancholy vacancy; but presently rising suddenly, "'Tis done!" he exclaimed, "and I am resolved!"

George, raising his eyes with a sigh of pity, inquired what he meant?"

"It is of no moment," answered Frederic, "I am sorry I have given you all this trouble, Dalby; but make haste—let us be gone—I am satisfied."

The calmness of his manner, contrasted with the deep anguish which appeared in

his eyes, shocked George very much, especially as to speak one word of comfort was wholly out of his power. In his mind he changed situations; he represented to himself what he must have felt had he experienced the same treatment from Cecilia, and he shuddered at the misery of his friend.

“ You will return with me, Montague,” said he; “ now then you will not leave us; you will live with Cecilia and with me—you will not go away again?”

Frederic fixed his eyes upon him—“ Yes, Dalby, (said he) I will go to Cecilia, I will see her once—”

He paused, as if ashamed of his weakness; then, in a firmer voice, entreated George to make no more delay. George instantly ordering the horses, they set out on their return to B.

Frederic appeared composed; but absent, as if meditating on some scheme; yet the pleasantry of Cecilia occasionally seemed to relieve him, and he answered her as formerly, but sometimes it appeared rather to distress him. The good-natured Cecilia
still

still continued, however, to rally him, in hope of diverting his grief, although his sufferings deeply affected her; and often, in the midst of her mirth, would stop short her laughter with a sigh. The result of their journey was explained to her immediately after their return; but George had been obliged to call her aside for that purpose, as she was surrounded by the *good company she had invited to make happy.*

Frederic consented to stay that night at the hall; but to the repeated request of George and Cecilia, that he would remain with them constantly, he made no answer, but immediately changed the subject. At length Cecilia whispering to George that she would not let him go away, they ceased to importune him. Upon retiring at night, Frederic surprised them much, by requesting to be supplied with the implements of writing, as he observed that he had many letters to write which could not be delayed; they would not, however, distress him by asking an explanation.

As soon as he found himself alone, Frederic

deric gave way to his melancholy reflections. How had affairs been changed since he had last inhabited that apartment! with every happiness, either in possession or in prospect; how ungratefully had he suffered himself to repine at evils of his own creating! evils which had no foundation in reality. "But God is just!" said he; "and as I knew not how to value blessings, has withdrawn them from me; and now to teach me what misfortune is, has he heaped all these evils on my head. Then I repined, but now I will submit without a murmur; I will complete the intention of heaven; and perhaps, when I have touched the lowest depth, I shall once more rise."

Seating himself calmly at the table, on which his lamp burnt, he sat down and wrote as follows—

TO MRS. G. DALBY.

"My dear Cecilia,

"I have long been buffeted by fortune, and, like a coward in a storm, have foolishly and despicably sat lamenting my fate; I

am

am ashamed of my want of fortitude, and I blush to think with what unmanly imbecility I have sunk beneath the blows I have received; my foolish fancy had drawn a vain flourish of happiness, which is not in this world to be realized; had I formerly fixed on my present resolution, I should have escaped the knowledge of the last—the most poignant cause of my anguish; I should have enjoyed a sweet illusion; and it is to illusion we owe all the happiness we feel;—we are content, because we see not sad reality, for evil lurks every where. But let me not weary you with moralizing, my Cecilia; I have spent enough of life in reflection;—what is to come must be devoted to action. Attend then patiently while I explain my purpose, and do not censure it until you have fully weighed my reasons. I need not inform you that my peace is irremediably ruined, that fortune can bring no comfort to an embittered existence; let me add, that wretchedness (like the loathsome animals which live under the earth) loves concealment, solitude, and obscurity; my uncle
might

might forgive me, (I have long forgiven him) but every kindness I received would but sting the weakest part of my heart; even your kindness (forgive me, my Cecilia) is insupportable. Far away from B. from those scenes which would remind me of the past, I hope to gain that manly fortitude which should sustain the suffering innocent; I feel I have now courage to support any thing but—kindness. Of my present employment I have sufficient reason to be ashamed; I must therefore change it: gloriously will I change it for that of the service of my country. Our navy wants seaman; I will enter among them, and with them I will endeavour to forget—Do not, my Cecilia, let your affection distress you on my account, your reason will tell you that I act wisely. Entreat my excellent friend George to resume, if possible, his friendship with Mr. Delaval; the cause of the coolness of that amiable young man is certainly the forged letter which I shewed him; a few advances on the side of George will no doubt cause an immediate reconciliation. Farewell,

well, my dear Cecilia, we shall meet again in a much happier place; assure your husband of my sincere friendship and my endless gratitude, and accept yourself my kindest affection.

“ Yours sincerely,

“ FREDERIC OSMOND.

Frederic broke off abruptly; he felt weakness growing upon him; he felt his new-formed resolutions falter, as he reflected on the pain he was certain his letter must give to the amiable and generous bosom of Cecilia; but, by violent efforts, he restrained those feelings, and then began coolly to arrange the scheme he intended to pursue. To leave Yelverton entirely at present, he judged would be the utmost ingratitude—now was the season that his assistance was most requisite;—in the winter he had supported him when destitute of every thing, and in the midst of the harvest to desert him, would but ill requite his kindness. This motive was sufficiently powerful to counterbalance the dread he felt of being pursued

purfued and diftrefled by importunity, efpecially as it was improbable that they fhould fuppose he would return to Yelverton's. After the harveft, he determined to go immediately to Gravesend, and enter, or fuffer himfelf to be preffed by the firft gang he fhould meet.

This wild and extravagant fcheme, the offspring of defpair, he fuffered not his reafon to examine; but he determined on it with the fixed and irrational refolution of infanity. The fortitude he afpired to he poffeffed not; his fpirit could refift poverty, ficknefs, or the defertion of friends; but his heart had idolized Emma with romantic fondnefs; to her image he had always looked for confolation; to her he had attributed every virtue under heaven; and he had repeated to himfelf with rapture, that this treafure was his was only his! but he had been deceived; the fair profpect had faded for ever, and his heart, torn with exceffive anguifh, felt difguft for every object in the world, and reafon and courage fupported him no longer. He paused a long while, and
often

often sighed, and often called back to his remembrance the happy days of old ; then again summoning his attempt at fortitude, he arose, and taking his lamp, surveyed the apartment around, taking leave of every object in it with vain fondness ; then repeating the names of Cecilia, of Mrs. Montague, and of George, accompanied with a blessing, he cautiously descended the principal stair-case, and left the house.

He pursued the way to Yelverton's :— again, and with a more faltering heart, Frederic submitted to his weary employment. No sweet reflections cheered him now in the midst of toil, and the day drew heavily along.

In the middle of the week, Frederic observed a genteel young man ride into the yard ; he was much distressed ; when, upon looking in his face, he discovered Delaval. To meet him was insufferable ;—doubtless he was come to inform him what he already knew too well, and to vex him with attempts at consolation. To conceal himself was his only alternative, and to prevail upon his fellow-

fellow-servant to assure Delaval that Frederic Nevil was not at home. This scheme succeeded, and Frederic, with great pleasure, saw him soon after depart. As soon as the harvest was over, Frederic mentioned his intention to Yelverton of leaving him.

"Leave me!" repeated he in great surprise, "why you are not in earnest?" what, leave me now before Old Michaelmas?"

"Yes, Sir, instantly; I do not intend to receive any wages beyond what you have already been so good as to give me, and only entreat my dismissal."

"But what's the matter? who has affronted you?"

"Nobody—I am not affronted; but—but—I am wearied out—I am vexed at the number of people who come here to inquire after me."

Yelverton shook his head. Ah! I'm afraid," said he, "'tis not for your best deeds that these people come after you; but no matter, what's over ought to be forgiven, and they shall never lay hold of you while you are here."

Frederic

Frederic smiled at his mistake, but persisted in his request; and Yelverton, after using every argument that good nature, generosity, and an earnest desire to serve him could suggest, angrily said he might do as he pleased, and left him hastily.

CHAP. VIII.

WITH calm despair, Frederic now looked forward to his new prospect; not one idea in his mind brought comfort with it, except the dreadful hope that he might fall in the first engagement. He departed suddenly from Yelverton's, unwilling to see Nancy or Will, lest they might distress him, by endeavouring to divert him from his purpose.

Wishing to gain Tilbury-Fort without passing through B. he took a circuit thro' the fields, and hurried on as fast as his strength

strength would permit, intending, if possible, to reach the end of his journey before night; but days of labour, and nights of watchfulness, had impaired his strength; a sick languor oppressed him, and his feet refused to keep pace with his wishes. By deserting the principal road, he had lost his way, and was wandering about in places unknown to him; doubtful which way to proceed, except that he endeavoured to turn his course southward, he tried every path which seemed to lead that way; but the sun was rapidly on the decline—every step was torturing—he trembled—the big drops stood upon his forehead—and a dreadful fever parched his throat: long miserable reflection almost suspended his reason, and he still forced himself along with insane eagerness; but nature could not long support the painful struggle; and just as he had reached a road, he tottered, his head swam, and wholly exhausted, he sunk upon the ground without sense or motion.

When he recovered, how great was his surprise, upon looking round, to perceive

that he was in his own bed at Montagne Hall! The first idea which presented itself was, that all his sufferings were but a painful dream; but endeavouring to rise, the dreadful pain he felt in every limb convinced him of the reality. He then tried to recollect what had happened the preceding day; his purpose of going to Tilbury immediately recurred to him, but of the manner in which it had been prevented he could form no idea, except a vague sensation of unhappiness from which he had endeavoured to escape, and at last had lost in total oblivion he knew not how. He was silently reflecting in this manner, when he was suddenly struck by a deep groan, which seemed to proceed from the side of his bed; the curtains of which were closely drawn. Frederic drew aside the curtain as eagerly as his feebleness would permit him; and looking towards the window, saw a man standing in a distracted attitude; a second view discovered to him that it was his uncle! Frederic faintly pronounced his name, and sunk back upon his pillow.

Montague

Montague turned his eyes, uttered a loud exclamation, and running towards the bed, caught him in his arms. "Oh, my dear Frederic!" cried he, "my poor injured child! art thou—art thou indeed alive!"

Frederic answered in a weak voice, and Montague flew out of the room.

Frederic had fallen down in the midst of the London road to B.; he had not lain there long before a returned postchaise passed by. The driver happening to possess some share of humanity, observing a man lie on the ground in appearance dead, could not pass by unconcerned. Dismounting and looking in the face of the stranger, he immediately recollected his benefactor, and that of his sister-in-law; for this man was no other than the brother of Sally Williams. Raising him with great care, he placed him in the post-chaise, and drove immediately to Montague-Hall;—a servant came to the door; but being informed that his young master was in the chaise, he calmly replied that his master would see no such person, and clapped the door to again.

“ But he *must* see him, he *shall* see him,” cried John, with honest warmth, “ if it be only to take his last leave of him—will you not, your honour ?” continued he, observing Montague himself just returned from his evening walk.

Montague looked amazed, and demanded what he meant.

“ Why, your honour, I hardly know what to say ; but I hope you will not deny the poor young gentleman Christian burial ; to be sure his suffering is all over—but you may as well look at him. Oh, he looks more like Miss Emmy than ever !”

Montague was lost in astonishment ; he almost guessed the truth. Flying to the chaise door, he opened it in great haste ; then observing the apparently lifeless figure of Frederic, he sharply demanded who it was ?

“ What, doesn’t your honour know him then ? not know Mr. Frederic, your poor sister’s son, whom you turned upon the wide world ?”

“ Insolent scoundrel !” exclaimed Montague,

tague, and hurried into the house; immediately he called several servants, and ordered them to lift Frederic out, to put him to bed, to shew him every attention, and to send immediately for a surgeon. "For (added he, with a violent emotion) he cannot be dead!" Then running out, as if afraid to see the unhappy object, he went to a distant part of the shrubbery, and threw himself on a seat, agitated by various emotions.

The heart of Montague was naturally generous and feeling; soon irritated, he soon relented, soon forgave; but, in the present instance, his resentment had been kept alive by the dexterity of malice, until it had become inveterate, and every attempt to appease had but irritated. Margaret, the cunning contriver of Frederic's ruin, had now another motive for wishing it complete; she hoped to secure his fortune to herself, and she had now fixed upon what she judged an eligible object with whom to share it. The power which her superior understanding gave her over her brother was unlimited,

and she had neglected nothing to gain his favour; her principles, both political and religious, were sacrificed, and Montague thought her the most sensible and the most amiable being on earth. Some circumstances had however lately come to his knowledge, very little to her honour; and as Montague's idea of female reputation was extremely high, she was considerably sunk in his esteem. This did not however abate his resentment against Frederic; and at this time, when he suspected that he was dead, he felt far more shocked than grieved; yet something like remorse, something like returning affection would occasionally intrude itself; he wished, yet feared to see the miserable object of his anger. A dreadful idea passed his mind; his remembrance to Emeline had lately been mentioned; if he had been deceived, if Frederic was really her son, what must his future feelings be?

Montague hastened to the house, and with trembling steps, crept to the chamber where Frederic was laid. Dismissing the attendants, he approached him with a light; but

but as he contemplated the insensible figure ; as he saw his pale countenance, over which many a lock of hair had fallen in vain beauty, as he saw the face, amiable even under the appearance of death, where the sweet expression of goodness, which had once endeared him to him, yet faintly shone, but above all, where the lively resemblance of the once dear, once beautiful Emmeline, appeared too strong for doubt, horrid conviction thrilled to his heart—the light fell from his hands—he raised his eyes in an agonizing expression, and clasping the unhappy Frederic, burst into a flood of tears.

“ Oh, my poor Emmeline !” cried he, “ I have murdered thee twice !” Then starting back, and again surveying the figure, he shook his head despairingly, and uttering a groan, sunk on the bed by his side ; but now he felt that his heart yet beat, hope revived in his bosom : he arose, and calling several servants, dispatched them in wild haste to C. for a physician, and for several surgeons in the neighbourhood. Unable any longer to endure the melancholy sight,

he drew the curtains closely round, and retiring, gave way to the extravagance of his grief. At that moment Frederic spoke, and Montague now hurried out, in order to enforce the directions he had given, and to learn if the surgeons had yet arrived.

George and Cecilia were at this time from home, and Mrs. Montague being in a distant part of the house, had heard nothing of the uproar; Margaret was on a visit in Suffolk. Montague had next the painful task to encounter, of breaking the unhappy affair to his wife; to meet her reproaches, which must whet yet sharper the pangs of remorse. Here, however, he had nothing to dread; the sweet idea that Frederic was returned, was forgiven, overcame every painful sensation, and she endeavoured to hope every thing favourable with regard to his present situation. Immediately she flew to his chamber; but when she saw his pale altered countenance, his dull unmeaning eye, and heard his faint voice but just able to pronounce her name, her hopes at once forsook her; and casting an agonizing glance on her husband,

husband, she burst into tears. Frederic feebly kissed her hand, and in a weak voice, entreated her not to grieve upon his account. At this time several apothecaries arrived—each examined the patient; and Montague, after enduring their long parade, with mad impatience, called the eldest aside. The gentleman followed him with clasped hands, and the palms turned outwards, and a most sagacious contraction of the lips—“Well, Mr. V.” cried Montague, in a tremulous voice, “what think you of your patient?”

“Why, Sir—really, Sir, the young gentleman is extremely ill, the fever is very high, and, and—”

“But do you think there is any danger?”

“Why, Sir, where there is fever, there is always danger, and—”

“Well, Sir, but you have good hopes? the danger is not great?”

“It is impossible, Sir, to determine the magnitude of the danger; we cannot—”

“But, Sir, you have hopes, he may recover.”

“It is impossible to speak with certainty

of the event of a fever, Sir; it is out of my power to say; in a few days the disorder may determine one way or the other. Here are several gentlemen, Sir, very respectable men, no doubt; but you will be so good as to determine which shall attend the young gentleman, as what they may administer may counteract the effects of my prescriptions."

"Sir!" cried Montague, enraged, "I shall not trouble you to prescribe at all; I sent for you to satisfy my mind, and you have the inhumanity to trifle with my feelings, by ridiculous parade. Farewell, Sir!"

Montague left him abruptly; inquiring of the other gentlemen, he received nearly the same answer, and of course dismissed them.

Soon after, the arrival of Dr. Selwyn revived his spirits; that worthy and skilful man finding Frederic excessively fatigued with the absurd parade of questions which had been asked him, troubled him but for a short space, and then requested Montague to follow him into another room.

"My dear Sir," said he, "I am sure
you

you could not thank me for palliating or endeavouring to conceal the truth; your nephew is certainly in some danger, his fever is extremely high; but, from his youth and his good constitution, I assure you I hope every thing will do well. In the mean time, I must insist upon yourself and Mrs. Montague refraining from visiting him, as quiet is extremely necessary at present."

Montague shook him heartily by the hand, thanked him with great warmth, and promised to obey his injunctions.

The situation of Frederic soon became very alarming; the fever every day grew more violent; his brain was inflamed, and a dreadful delirium took place. Notwithstanding the injunction of the physician, Mrs. Montague almost constantly attended at his bed-side; but now, that situation was become too painful; it was in vain to speak to him; he no longer knew her voice, or heeded what she said; yet he called to her repeatedly, and entreated her to forgive him for having deceived her. Then his fancy would wander to Emma; he would describe

the days they had passed together in the happy summer, and every field, where many a day they had taken sweet conversation together, and then reproach her for her infidelity. His mind, beautiful even in ruins, yet shone in the pathetic eloquence with which he called upon her name, and entreated her but once to come to him, but once to look upon him, to suffer him to press her hand once more, to give her one parting kiss, and bless her before he died; but as the disorder advanced, more dreadful and disordered images arose before his fancy; he raved incessantly, expression lost every trace of coherence and meaning, and despair appeared on the countenance of the physician when he acquainted Montague that he expected the crisis that evening.

It was at this time that George and Cecilia returned; Montague, unwilling that they should share his misery, wished them to remain ignorant of the situation of Frederic until this evening was past; but Cecilia had scarce been half an hour in the house before she learnt the whole history, with
many

many exaggerations, from her maid. Instantly she flew to the chamber of Frederic; but being met at the door by the physician, he peremptorily insisted upon her not entering, to which she at length, although with great reluctance, submitted; but placed herself at the door, listening with eagerness. But when she heard the voice of Frederic, once clear and full, now broken and faltering—that voice to which she had never before listened without admiring, and dwelling upon each word it pronounced, now uttering nothing but the wild absurdities of delirium, unable to endure the miserable sounds, she returned hastily to the parlour, where she had left her husband; and throwing herself into a chair, gazed around in that confusion of mind, in which nothing but a vague idea of horror presented itself.

George, excessively surprised and shocked by her appearance, eagerly demanded the cause; but she gazed on him without answering. More alarmed, he drew his chair close to her, and tenderly taking her hand, “My dear Cecilia!” said he, “explain

plain yourself, I entreat—what has distressed you?”—Still she was silent.—“Oh! do not make me miserable, my Cecilia,” continued he—“do not look so wildly—why will you not speak? are not your distresses mine?”

Cecilia looked at him a moment; then falling on his neck, burst into tears. George clasping his arm round her, pressed her to his bosom, and tenderly kissing her, entreated her not to grieve him by her silence.

“Oh!” cried she at length, “he is destroyed! he is murdered!”

“Who is destroyed? who is murdered?” cried George.

“Do not ask me,” returned Cecilia;—“where is my mother? why have not I seen her?”

“She is not well, she has a head-ach.”

“But I must see her—I must see her instantly,” cried Cecilia, rising.

George perceiving he should only vex her by repeating his inquiries, arose; and leading her to the chamber, whither Mrs. Montague had retired to conceal her grief and terror, left her, to endeavour to discover the cause

cause of the distress which appeared on every countenance; but more particularly, had alarmed him in that of Cecilia. ♦ This he presently learnt from James, the former faithful servant of Frederic, whom he found sitting alone despondently in the hall. Struck with sudden anguish, George uttered a deep sigh; then seeking the physician, and learning that that night was to determine the fate of his amiable friend, and finding that the issue likely to be unfavourable, he retired to a solitary part of the house, to indulge the gloom which was stealing upon his mind, and to nourish the pleasing pain of regret, while he ran over in his recollection the many virtues, the many amiable qualities of Frederic.

George passed the night alone; it was a night of horror. Every time the hour sounded, dreadful sensations thrilled at his heart; perhaps at that instant Frederic, the amiable, the noble-minded Frederic, was breathing his last; perhaps, even now his spirit was among the happy! yet they would surely bring him intelligence, they would not leave him in suspense. Roused by this idea,
he

he listened with intentness to discover if any foot passed that way, but all was still as the grave ;—he would have gone and inquired, but an invincible repugnance withheld him ; terror, more than human reason could support, seemed to reside every where beyond the apartment where he then was ; and as he approached the door, he involuntarily shrunk back, and falling on his knees, addressed himself to the author of all good in behalf of his unhappy friend ; but a sudden reflection checked him—his present action was impious—it was opposing the wisdom of the Most High, to wish him to stay his powerful arm, if he had appointed it to fall. Again he resumed his seat, and endeavoured to resign himself to the worst. Morning at length appeared ; George began to distinguish sounds in the house like many persons passing to and fro ; then several doors clapped, and in one horrible moment a long and piercing shriek struck him to the soul. George sunk upon the table, laying his head on his hand—“ Oh, he is dead ! he is dead ! ” he exclaimed—“ my poor Frederic ! ”

A tear started to his eye, and a chilly sensation ran through his veins, when he was suddenly aroused by a noise, as if many people rushing towards his door. George, trembling with excessive emotion, was unable to rise, when suddenly the door opened, and Cecilia rushing in, threw herself into his arms, and fainted. "He lives! he lives!" was instantly the joyful exclamation from many mouths. --"Thank God!" exclaimed George, in sudden rapture; and raising his hands over Cecilia, in the next moment clasped her to his heart. Then observing her situation, he called aloud for assistance—Cecilia presently recovered.

Montague himself now appeared; and closely embracing George, sobbed aloud, and then requested that all would go to Mrs. Montague's apartment, to congratulate her on the happy event. The physician now interposed, and entreated them to be more calm, and to dismiss the servant; as, altho' he had no doubt, from the favourable turn of the disorder, that Frederic would recover, yet that quiet was still highly necessary for him,

him, and he would not allow him to see any one at present; but, in the evening, as Frederic himself had requested it, he should permit Cecilia to see him, on condition that she would promise to observe his directions, and behave in an orderly manner. Cecilia promised exact obedience, but was rather vexed at the delay.

From this time Frederic recovered rapidly, and the next day the whole party were admitted to see him; he was perfectly rational, but too weak to converse much, and received their congratulations with a melancholy smile, which shewed that he partook not of their happiness.

In some days he recovered sufficient strength to sit up; and as Cecilia was in his chamber one day, he requested her to give the history of the family of Montague since his unfortunate rejection; to which request Cecilia, after some reflection and some hesitation, complied.

“We are strange beings, always restless and discontented; we never set a proper value upon blessings, until we have lost them,
nor

nor are we conscious of happiness while it is present ; but as soon as it is gone, and unpleasant hours have intervened, regret immediately paints it in the most lively colours. I grieved indeed at your departure, my dear Frederic, because I should be separated from one whom I loved ; but as you had seldom been with me, and our dispositions (I believe you will allow that) certainly did not accord exactly, I did not suppose that my happiness would suffer any material diminution from your absence ; but I was soon convinced of my error : I endeavoured to walk, to enjoy myself as usual ; but the garden, the fields, the wood, all seemed deserted. It is true I had often visited them alone, yet an unaccountably gloomy sensation made their solitude appear no longer agreeable : the remembrance of you, and of our conversations together, which, now they were over, appeared doubly agreeable ; these embittered my thoughts, and I retired to my own room, to have a complete comfortable fit of lamentation ; again I missed you at table, at the harp, and
in

in the evening; and oh! how little was I relieved by that monster Margaret, or my good father. I could no longer be the support of my poor mother's spirits; but we usually retired together to a comfortless *tête-à-tête*. This delicious calm, however, was not to last long; many strange movements appeared in my aunt's conduct: she frequented the church, she wished success to the Duke of Brunswick, and reprobated the French murderers, as she entitled them. I observed likewise that she had grown most amazingly benevolent; she was constantly at the cottage of your nurse, Dame Cowslip; the children were sent to school, and the young men had new clothes given them; your foster-sister, I believe, was the only one forgotten. Afterwards, the woman herself was at the hall very frequently, and I overheard those words, of which I sent you an account. Some time after that, I heard it whispered that you were not the real son of Emmeline, and I found that letter from Daniel, which I inclosed to you. From all this, I conjectured that Margaret found it
impossible

impossible to effect her purpose by those calumnies alone, as my father merely intended to give you a severe lecture, and then pardon every thing: she had therefore the malice and address to bribe Patty to declare that she had imposed you upon my father, when in reality the child of Emmeline was dead. In this she completely succeeded; my father almost adored her, (she has the art to render herself amiable when she pleases) and he consulted her what was to be done. The consequence of her advice you have but too severely felt; but how shall I describe to you my sensations, or those of my mother, when we were made acquainted with my father's intention; we implored, we wept, we knelt, but he was inexorable; and that execrable instrument, Daniel, still further inflamed him on that dreadful night, when arriving before you, he told my father that he must not expect you yet, as you were gone to L. to see Miss Nevil. I should inform you that that whole affair was discovered by the address of my aunt, who painted it in the vilest colours to my father,

father, and endeavoured to persuade him to compel Mrs. Nevil to quit her farm, as you know she holds it of him ; but here his own good nature was triumphant. But to return to that miserable night :—After you left me in the hall, I ran hastily up the stair-case ; but stopping as soon as I was out of sight of the hall, I sat down on the stairs, and remained weeping. But when I heard the loud dashing of the rain against the great window, and saw the frightful darkness of the night, the horror which the idea of your situation occasioned, roused me to sudden indignation, and I flew down to the parlour, where I found my father and my aunt sitting—you must know she had been listening while my father was speaking to you. Now it is all over, I could laugh at the recollection of the heroic air with which I marched up to Margaret. ‘ You are satisfied, I hope, madam !’ I exclaimed. My father demanded what I meant : I turned towards him—‘ And you, Sir !’ I cried, ‘ I hope your bosom partakes of that serenity ; you who could turn the

poor unfriended orphan of your sister out to the horrors of such a night as this! hark how the rain beats, and how dreadfully the wind blows! yes, such a night will complete the satisfaction of a heart like Margaret's; she who destroyed the mother, had left her work incomplete until the son were murdered.—I am amazed how they suffered me to proceed; but they looked thunder-struck. I took a small miniature of your mother (which my father had given me many years ago) from my neck, and holding it before him, 'Look, Sir!' I continued, 'observe well those features! do they call to mind the former days? do they seem to reproach you? do they say that this night's work shall insure you misery? God grant it may terminate with life!'—I own I was too warm; but I was so excessively enraged, I had lost all idea of decency, and had quite forgotten it was to my father I was speaking in so unbecoming a manner. His face grew purple with rage, and he was rising violently, when Margaret interposed.—'Be composed, my dear Sir,' she cried, with the smile of a fiend,

fiend, "You must forgive our Cecilia, as I myself most heartily do, since, as she is under an error, her warmth is very excusable; she does not yet fully understand that the wretch is not the child of our poor Emmeline: I must entreat that you will excuse her."—"Be silent, hideous woman!" I cried, 'add not insult to cruelty; let me endure my father's resentment to the utmost extent that he will inflict it, if I have been too bold in censuring him for listening to the suggestions of a fiend!'—My father began to make some violent speech; but I heard it not, as I instantly quitted the room, and flew to my mother, to confess the manner in which I had behaved. She reproved me with unusual severity, yet there was a kindness in her manner, which blunted its edge; she undertook to reconcile me to my father, and in this she easily succeeded, as he was not instigated by Margaret. I received a full pardon: I could not, however, endure the presence of Margaret, and I secluded myself almost entirely. Oh, let me pass over this tedious time, it makes me
weary

weary to think of it. At last we were relieved by a visit to town, to Mr. Dalby's. This indeed was a complete change; my head is in a whirl now, to reflect upon the endless succession of *unamusing amusements* and toilsome pleasures which we went through. Among the crowd of faces, I saw not one that interested me—there was not one that I felt any wish ever to see again."

"No!" cried Frederic, "not one? Cecilia, you forget."

"Well, well," answered Cecilia, laughing, "I did not mean that, I was coming to that part of the story—you are bringing one to speak of my folly before the time; however, I will just say a little about it as it is introduced. About this time some people were very troublesome, and gave me a great deal of disquiet, all of which I was good-natured enough to forgive, and at last (oh dear!) was prevailed upon to do a very foolish thing; as to particulars, you will excuse me; those kind of things happen so often, and so much in the same manner, that I should but tell an old story; only my

VOL. III. N affair

affair was certainly one of the most stupid of its kind; all was done so *easy*, and so *comfortable*; no difficulty, no adventure: consent, and congratulation and happiness all at once, and, worst of all, I found out that it had long since been plotted between the heads of houses, and the wretches rejoiced to see me fall into their snare: you cannot conceive how enraged I was upon this discovery: I retracted my consent, and threw every thing into confusion; however, when they were all completely repaid for their impertinence, and poor Mrs. Dalby's new clothes, bought purposely for the occasion, were grown old fashioned, I at last chose to comply. Montague-Hall became the place of our residence—my father being weary of its solitude. Nothing worth mentioning occurred from that time until we saw you. Soon after you left us in that strange way, (I have not forgiven you yet) George waited on Mr. Delaval, but he was from home—he was gone to Ramsgate. Meanwhile we had sent messengers innumerable in search of you to the river; but

gaining

gaining no intelligence, we concluded that you had put your mad scheme in execution; and, oh what hours of unhappiness have we passed on your account. My father came to the hall; I told him your situation, which he heard with the most cruel indifference.—‘What!’ cried I, “and are you still, my dear Sir—are you still—will you ever be the dupe of my aunt?”—‘Name not the infamous woman!’ cried he, ‘she is disgraced; but that disproves not the confession of the nurse.’—‘Disgraced!’ repeated I, ‘indeed! I am happy then that she is at last unmasked—you have discovered her;’—‘I have,’ said he, ‘I have discovered her infamy, but not her falsehood.’—And what should you guess he told me, when I asked him to explain himself? Oh, how I laugh to think of it! Poor Margaret! conceive that steely heart melted by love, and picture Daniel as the object of her attachment. Enough upon the subject; suffice it to say, that my aunt’s behaviour had been by no means equivocal, and my father was convinced beyond her

art to disprove. Happier days than we have yet seen await us now ; the night is past, the storms are blown over, and we look forward to the future with almost a certainty of felicity. You are forgiven, you are restored to us, my Frederic ! the nurse, since your illness, has confessed her falsehood to one of her sons, and has disappeared, dreading the vengeance of my father. And now, if you could forget an unworthy object, (ah ! why should you waste a thought upon her ?) I know a most amiable girl who would well supply her place ; she possesses all her good qualities, all her beauty, without her faults, and would, I doubt not, make you happy."

"Never," cried Frederic, with a deep sigh, "I must never be happy, my dear Cecilia ! I have fixed all my ideas of happiness on one person, and that one has forsaken me. Dear lovely Emma ! dear even now ! ah, I wish, however, that she at least may be happy !"

"But, Frederic, if you would but see Lady Emily—"

"Name her not, nor any one—I will
never

never marry. Let us change the subject, Cecilia—you have not said that you are reconciled to Delaval—is he married?—have you seen the Walfords?”

“One question at a time, however:—Delaval—let me see—he has not used us very prettily; but, however, I do not say he was in fault;—George wrote to him at his seat in ——shire; but he, Mrs. Nevil, and the Walfords were gone to Ramsgate, and the foolish servants neglected to send the letter, which explained and apologized for both our seeming behaviour to you, and related the curious affair of the forged letters; he has at length received it, and we have had an answer this week, of which I will endeavour to recollect the substance. It began thus:—

“DEAR GEORGE,

“I am sorry that false appearances (or something like that) should have occasioned my so unjustly withdrawing my esteem from you; I hope you will have the goodness to pardon me the inattention of not waiting

upon you to have the affair explained ; but we have been so occupied in distressing affairs of another kind, that I have had little leisure to attend to any thing else. As you mention having seen Mr. Montague, (a circumstance which throws us into still deeper perplexity) he no doubt has informed you concerning the strange behaviour of Mr. Nevil ; since that time he forcibly drove Mrs. Nevil out of his house, when she came to demand her daughter, and detained that young lady by violence. Mrs. Nevil remained some time at E. in hopes he would relent ; but finding that in vain, (you must observe, interrupted Cecilia, that I cut it short, for you know all the story about old Nevil's behaviour to his sister, which Mr. Delaval relates at length)—well, but finding that in vain, she determined, by the advice of Mr. Walford and myself, to enter a legal prosecution against him. We, however, first determined to write him a threatening letter ; he answered very submissively, and assured us that Miss Nevil was not with him, but had actually eloped with Mr. Montague,

tague, but whither they were gone he knew not; in the mean time, if we suspected his veracity, we were very welcome to search his house at any time, and in any manner we pleased. We took him at his word, and immediately proceeded to E.—we could find Miss Nevil no where. Several persons who know Mr. Montague assured us they had seen him wandering about Mr. Nevil's house on the night on which Miss Nevil was missing; every thing occurred to make us suppose so. About that time we had been to Mr. Yelverton's, and we were assured he was gone out; I have been there some time since, and he was not to be heard of. We concluded then that Nevil had not deceived us, and that Miss Nevil had effected her escape by Mr. Montague's assistance; yet we thought it very extraordinary that they had not immediately come to us. We began seriously to dread that some fatal accident had befallen them; we sent inquiries every where, but in vain. Mrs. Nevil's misery grew insupportable, it preyed upon her health, and all our felicity was poisoned.

We

We have since given over the pursuit in despair; but what was our astonishment to find by your letter that it was not with Mr. Montague that she had escaped, that he was distracted at the loss of her, and that she had thrown herself into the arms of a stranger. Really, Dalby, this is a circumstance I scarce dare credit; it seems so utterly impossible, since, supposing Miss Nevil could so far change her character, how could she have formed any intimacy with such a person as you describe? I was myself at the camp that evening on which she was seen by Mr. Montague, so were Mrs. Nevil, Mr. and Mrs. Walford, and my Caroline; but I saw not Miss Nevil there: surely my friend must have been mistaken; yet, as you say, the letter which he found at E. puts it beyond doubt. I will not communicate this sad affair to Mrs. Nevil; I fear it would entirely ruin her peace of mind. We hope to be with you in a few days, when we will inquire further into this nefarious affair.—

My

My Caroline (and so forth, interrupted Cecilia) unites in love and best wishes.

“ I remain, dear George,

“ Yours sincerely,

“ CONRADE DELAVAL.”

“ There !” cried Cecilia—“ that was the substance of it as nearly as I can recollect ; but I have left out all the comments, and half the circumstances, I believe ; and what do you think of the sweet, delightful, chaste, delicate Miss— ?”

“ Stop, Cecilia ! I will not have you speak disrespectfully of her ; I own I am lost in confusion : I will not pretend to guess any thing from this letter, but (I know not why) it has raised many hopes in my bosom. As soon as I have recovered strength, I will most undoubtedly undertake a search after my Emma : I suspect some deceit ; this escape is unnatural—jealousy itself will not make me believe that Emma would elope with any man unknown to her friends ; no, I have good hopes that we are deceived ;—yet the letter—ah, no ! it was her own hand,

—but I have been twice deceived before by forgery, may not this too—?”

“ Well, interrupted she, “ let us say no more about it just now ; you know you are not very strong, and you have no idea how sadly it makes you look ; so be silent, and let me tell you how old Mr. Dalby, my dear sweet father-in-law, contrived to answer your letter ; I have learnt all from my maid, who had the whole story from Mrs. Dalby’s *femme de chambre*. The old man seeing a letter directed for Mr. Dalby, broke it open ; and although the address, “ Dear George,” soon convinced him that it was not for himself, yet, with very little remorse, he perused it ; and perceiving the purport and the name of the person from whom it came, he wrote to my father for an explanation ;—my father very coolly (it is a fine thing when he can do any thing coolly) answered that it must be intended as some joke, since you were, at your own desire, gone on a voyage to the East-Indies. I do not think old Dalby was fool enough to give any credit to this queer improbable story ;

story; but let that be as it may, he chose to repress your application without troubling his son to read it."

Thus ended the conversation; the new hopes which he had conceived much assisted the recovery of Frederic, and in a short time he was able once more to enjoy the pleasure of the open air, and to retrace the scenes of his childhood, yet dear to his memory. Never before had Montague Hall been the scene of so much happiness as at present; George and Cecilia, happy in each other, doubly so, now their friends partook of their felicity, were in higher spirits than ever; Mrs. Montague seemed to have recovered her long-lost gaiety of temper; and Montague himself had lost all his moroseness; Frederic alone seemed not to enjoy the happiness he gave to others; he yet meditated painfully on the situation of Emma, and racked his brain to form schemes to unravel the mystery of her fate; but in vain; no conjecture which he could form wore the face of probability; and the farther

ther he reflected, the more was he involved in the inextricable labyrinth of doubt.

One afternoon, when the sudden expectation of the arrival of Delaval, Mr. Nevil, and the Walfords, had given a new vigour to the spirits of George and Cecilia; and they had almost, by their cheerful conversation, overcome the anxious gloom of Frederic, a letter was brought to him by a servant.

“A love-letter, as I am alive,” cried Cecilia, laughing.

“How you make him tremble,” cried George—“he cannot open it.”

Frederic, however, opened it in haste, and read it, trembling excessively; his colour changed, he clasped his hands with some incoherent exclamations, and then flew to the bell, and rung it violently; then awkwardly wishing them good afternoon, left the room. In a few minutes Mr. Montague observed him riding along the great walk leading to the entrance of the park, followed by his servant James; they rode swiftly along, and presently were lost among the trees.

CHAP.

CH A P. IX.

EMMA meanwhile was plunged in the deepest distress. When her ill-fated attempt to escape from the house of Nevil was frustrated, and she saw her dear and unfortunate Frederic torn from her, her heart sickened with despair; she endured with patience the wise and grave lectures of Mrs. Jagger, as her absence of mind prevented her from hearing one of the sagacious truths which she uttered. It was, however, no small relief to her when that discreet matron chose to lock her up to her own reflections, and left her to weep without restraint; yet her tears were not wholly those of bitterness; those who love cannot suffer unallayed misery, while they feel the sweet confidence of an adequate return; besides, fairly comparing the present situation of her mind with that
before

before the adventure of the afternoon, she found it was far happier; she had felt a thousand doubts and fears before, which now were all removed; for, in so long an absence, how was it certain that his affection for her had not abated? but she had seen him; and far from declining, it appeared more vivid than ever; and the smile on his countenance, lighted up by love the most tender, still played upon her fancy, and brought delight to her heart. The evening closed in, and Emma, with the sweetest melancholy she had ever felt, was watching the last faint streaks of light which hovered in the western horizon, when she was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Jagger out of breath.

“My master must see you immediately, Miss,” cried she, and beckoned her to follow. Emma expecting the coarsest and most insulting reproaches for her successful attempt to escape, obeyed with reluctance, since she felt her spirits unequal to support the insolent brutality of her uncle.

She had, however, nothing to dread.

Nevil

Nevil smiled upon her for the first time good-humouredly, and desiring her to sit down, ordered Mrs. Jagger to leave them alone.

“ Well, cousin Emma,” said he, as soon as the housekeeper was gone, “ I am very sorry for all that has past between you and I ; but we must forget and forgive, and so kifs and be friends.”

Emma received his salute with the most unfeigned astonishment.

“ Aye,” continued he, “ you wonder to see me gracious with you ; but I should always have liked you better, and been better to you, if them there folks had not always been aggravating me against you. Well, to come to the business, your friends want you away—well—I am sorry to part from you ; and as I have stood up so against it, I can’t come to all at once, being as they would laugh at me ; howsoever, if you’ll do it my way——”

“ Your way, Sir !” exclaimed Emma, “ I shall certainly make no objection to any thing which will restore me to my dear mother’s society.”

“ Well,

“ Well, then, run up stairs, and fetch pen, ink, and paper.”—Emma instantly complied. “ Now, then, pursued Nevil, “ let me tell you the whole business :—I must have it seem as if you had got away without my knowing on’t—now mark me. I have agreed with Mr. Montague about it ; and you are to meet your friends over in Kent, (you must know they are at Rochester) and you may cross the water this very night. Now Mr. Montague is gone forward, and will meet you at the first stage across the water, where I shall leave you ;, and every body must think that you have run away with him ;—and so, you know, you will—— Come, are you willing ?”

Emma hesitated—“ I should rather, Sir—any other plan—the indelicacy—”

“ Good Lord ! don’t drive me wild ! just now you were running off with the young fellow yourself, and now, forsooth, you’re squeamish——but come, let’s have no dallying ; either do as I say, and be with your mother (poor woman ! she’s very ill) by ten to-morrow morning, or deny me, and

and here you are, and here you are like to be."

Emma paused. — "Ill! my mother ill!" she cried. "Well, Sir, I will do as you desire."

"That's a good girl; but you must do more,—you must leave a letter for me, and another for Mr. Montague, as if I had stopped it short, and kept it; now then—no wry faces—sit down—remember your mother—if she should die without seeing you—come."—Emma sat down with a trembling hand.—"Now then," said he, "write what I tell you, only put it in your own expressions. Say, 'this night you are going to your friends, and to your liberty.'—Is it done? well, say 'that I can't hurt you no longer, and you don't care for me, and you're a great fool for not having left me in the lurch before;'—say 'you've cheated me, and pretended to like me for the sake of my money; but now you're mother's rich, you don't care for me;'—but mind, put it in your own lingo, else it won't do. Now go on, and say 'there's one you
love

love as your mother proves on, and you're not ashamed nor afraid to say you run away with the lad you love ;—say ' you're relations will be glad to see you, and how sick you are to think how much of your time you've lost with me ;—then give me a touch upon my being a ploughman, and tell me I ought to be ashamed of using you as I have done, and then bid me never come nigh you or the old woman."

Emma shewed what she had written ; it was the letter which Nevil gave to Frederic, and which has already appeared.

" That will do, that will do," cried Nevil ; " now write what you please—you girls know best what to say."

Emma wrote a few lines,—which, as they were never to meet the eye of Frederic, were inspired by no sentiment, and to compose them was an intolerable labour. Nevil, however, approved of them, and put both letters in his pocket. " Now," said he, " you must sup with me ; and as soon as the family is all quiet abed, we'll be off ;—but come," added he, taking out the letters, " I had

had almost forgot—you have not directed them.”

Nevil dexterously changed them; and Emma not suspecting his artifice, directed the letter intended for Nevil to Frederic. Hence arose the mistake, and the apparent perfidy of Emma; but Nevil judged this would be the only expedient entirely to break off the connection; and he intended, if Emma had not expressed herself sufficiently equivocally, to have desired her to write again with stricter directions; but Emma, by following his sense exactly, and by mentioning no names, spared him further trouble, and he rejoiced in the success of his plan.

Nevil detained her until a late hour; then desiring her to step softly, and bring her cloak and muff, he said he was going out to get the chaise, which was ready to convey them away. Emma tremblingly obeyed; and, with a beating heart, seated herself in the chaise. A new sensation of delight pervaded her heart as she passed the detested draw-bridge, little supposing that at that
moment

moment her Frederic was anxiously watching under her window, in hopes of gaining one glance of her; but she could hardly persuade herself that all was not a dream—she could scarce believe that she had escaped from her dreary prison.

The night was beautiful and warm; and Emma, lost in sweet ideas, thought not of her journey or her fellow-traveller, until their arrival at a small and wretched town on the shore aroused her attention; and she was informed she must be rowed across the river into Kent. The river appeared much narrower than she had expected; but she was not sorry to land, and escape from the chill breeze on the water. As soon as she had ascended the slippery shore, Emma looked around anxiously, in order to discover the town to which she supposed they were going; but all appeared a dreary flat uniformity, and she inquired with much uneasiness of Nevil, what conveyance they had to the inn?

“We can walk,” was the answer; and discharging the boatman, he desired Emma
to

to follow him. She obeyed with trembling steps. The way was rough and dreary; not a tree, a shrub, or house appeared in the moonlight; the tide beat against the long white rows of cockle-shells which lined the shore; and the melancholy notes of various marine birds added to the desolate solemnity of the scene. Strange fears began to invade the heart of Emma; she looked eagerly, in hopes of seeing Frederic coming to meet them; but no object appeared on the wide lonely shore but that of her uncle, who walked silently on before. Unable to support her uneasiness, she entreated her uncle to inform her how far they had to walk, as she felt excessively weary.

“A little way—there’s the house,” was the answer, pointing to a small object which appeared at some distance.

They now left the shore; and after travelling about a mile and a half further, arrived at the door of a dreary, solitary building.

Emma started and recoiled. “Gracious heaven!”

heaven!" she exclaimed, "what do you mean, Sir? what place is that?"

"This! why the best public house we can meet with, unless you've a mind to walk ten miles further; but this is a clean decent place, and moreover, Mr. Montague expects you here."

Emma asked no farther, but followed him in. An elderly woman and a girl of eighteen received them, and were beginning congratulations, but Nevil stopped them short; and Emma observed, with much surprise, that the place bore no resemblance whatever to a public house. She was, however, silent; but, at the desire of Nevil, followed the girl into another apartment. Emma feeling excessively uneasy, asked her innumerable questions; but the idiot only stared and answered with a grin, "I don't know, I'm sure, Miss." She was somewhat relieved when her uncle made his appearance; but her surprise was extreme when he informed her that Mr. Montague was gone forward to acquaint her friends, and that she might expect him and Mr. Walford

ford early in the morning. Her heart misgave her ; but she was silent,—since, whatever was the intention of her uncle, she knew expostulation was vain.

“ Well, cousin Emma,” said he, with an appearance of much good humour, “ I hope you are quite happy now, so take some mulled wine, and go to bed : Mrs. Page will call you when the gentlemen come.”

Emma retired, but her anxiety prevented repose ; she watched the dawn of the day with uncommon impatience, when she hoped the welcome voice of Frederic would convince her that her fears were void of foundation.

The dawn appeared ; it glowed upon the dreary country around ; the sun slowly arose over the mouth of the Thames ; but no welcome sounds assailed her ear ; yet she waited, yet she listened, and looked along the country, but no person appeared. Several hours had the sun risen above the water, when at last the old woman made her appearance with a mean and scanty breakfast ; her face was the image of surly brutality

tality. Emma eagerly inquired if the gentlemen were come?

"Gentlemen! what gentlemen?"

"Mr. Montague and Mr. Walford."

"I don't know nothing at all about them."

"Has not Mr. Nevil told you then they are coming to take me away? I am going to Rochester."

"Oh, you are! are you! but how?"

"In Mr. Walford's carriage, I suppose; is it not arrived? perhaps they have mistaken the house; I understood I was to go as soon as it was day."

The woman looking insolently at her for a moment, burst into a fit of laughter, and leaving the room, clapped the door violently after her. Emma was confounded; and feeling her present situation both disagreeable and improper, determined to leave the house, and pursue the road, hoping to meet the carriage on her way; but, upon attempting to open the door, she found it was locked! Dreadful consternation seized her; and, in her first emotion of terror, she struck

violently and repeatedly on the floor. The girl presently appeared. "Oh lauk! oh lauk! what's the matter, Miss?" exclaimed the idiot.

"Who dares confine me thus?" cried Emma—"is not this an inn? do you usually treat strangers in this manner? I insist upon instantly leaving the house."

"Not so fast, Miss, not so fast," cried the girl, placing herself before the door; "an inn indeed! no, no, Miss, you're out there; why there is but one public house in the whole island."

"Island!" repeated Emma—am I not in Kent on the road to Rochester?"

"Kent! not you indeed;—why this place is *Canvey-Island*. Lauk Miss, didn't ye know you was in Canvey-Island, at master's farm-house."

The whole truth rushed upon the mind of the unhappy Emma; she had been the dupe of an artifice to place her out of the reach or knowledge of her friends, and she was confined where there was no hope of escape. Shocked at the new prospect of

unexpected misery, and vexed at her own folly in being so easily deluded, Emma bade the girl leave her alone, and throwing herself on her bed, burst into tears. "Oh! Frederic! Frederic!" she cried, "where are you now? You little suppose that I am yet more miserable than when you saw me—far from my friends, far beyond their reach, who shall succour me now? They cannot hear me—they cannot know what part of the world I am banished to.—Oh! here I must be doomed to remain for ever."

Reason however at length came to console her; it taught her that lamentation was vain, and that exertion alone would free her from her present deplorable imprisonment. She approached the window, she found with rapture that it opened readily, but looking down she perceived that her height from the ground would render an attempt to escape extremely dangerous; besides, the farm-yard was immediately underneath, and she must instantly be discovered by the servants; the countenance of her gaolers seemed to promise little pity, and the stupidity of the daughter

daughter still less ; but it might be possible to corrupt one of the servants to assist her, as she observed with great pleasure that they frequently passed under the window. She accordingly beckoned to one of them, in a faded military uniform, who immediately approached, and the pity expressed in his countenance gave her much hope ; but it was soon overthrown by the shrill voice of Mrs. Page, who peremptorily ordered the fellow to return to his work ; he shook his head, then pointed first to the sun, and then to the west, he bowed and retired.— Emma rejoiced to see the appearance of so much intelligence, and comprehending his sign longed impatiently for the evening.

But she had a new vexation to encounter. Soon after this adventure she received a message that she must instantly remove to another part of the house. Emma was conscious that resistance would only provoke insult, she therefore followed her conductress in silence, not a little chagrined however to find her new hopes of assistance so soon overthrown, as she feared that the man

would not be able to discover her present situation. The apartment which she was now to inhabit was more desolate and forlorn than that which she had quitted ; and the dreary view from the window over the wide marshes was but little calculated to enliven her spirits. The window was, however, nearer the ground, and if good fortune should bring any person that way, she might converse with them unobserved.— Emma felt much consoled by this observation, and reconciled herself to her fate with tolerable patience.

Cherishing hope, and looking forward to deliverance from her captivity, the day passed on much less heavily than she had expected ; and now her homely supper had been served, and the distant sound of footsteps convinced her that the family were retiring to bed. Emma was sitting wrapped in silent reflection, when suddenly a shrill horn sounded under her window, and in the next instant some object beat against the casement. Emma, somewhat startled, arose, and opening it hastily, observed a soldier's
cap

cap elevated on a pole. Sudden and delightful hope arose in her bosom, and in a low and trembling voice she inquired who was there.

“ A friend,” was the answer.

“ The same that I saw in the morning ?”

“ The same ; but speak louder lady, you need not fear being heard, the family are at the other end of the house ; how can I serve you ?”

“ I am unfortunate—I am detained against my will—may I trust you ?”

“ On the faith of a soldier you may ; but I will not trifle with you lady ; I know more of your misfortune than perhaps you are acquainted with ; since I was enjoined secrecy, which I have no inclination to observe.—You are to be confined in this place until your relation has provided what he calls a proper husband, you are then to be compelled to marry.—I am ignorant of the cause of your confinement ; as it is however involuntary, I disapprove of it, and will, if you please, deliver you from it.”

“ Will you ?” cried the enraptured Emma, “ and can you ?”

“ I will, and can.”

“ And to-night ?”

“ I am sorry to say that it is not in my power. You, I suppose, know that you are on an island ; I could not procure a boat to day, but I have engaged one for to-morrow, and at this time in the evening, if you will trust yourself to a ragged soldier, to one who has seen but eighteen summers, your deliverance is certain.”

Emma paused ; there was something in the manner of this young man very extraordinary, but which prepossessed her in his favour ; yet she felt a certain repugnance to trusting herself to such a character as he had described himself. Before she determined, she judged it would be more prudent to be further acquainted with her extraordinary deliverer.

“ First let me know,” said she, “ to whom I am indebted for this friendship ; your manner of speaking convinces me you are not what you appear to be ; you must have seen better days—you were not born to your present situation.”

“ You

“ You must pardon me, Madam,” said the young soldier, “ that I presumed to suppose you would entrust your safety to an unknown adventurer. Your first conjecture is right, I have seen better days; but you are not fortunate in your second. This, or a similar situation, was certainly that to which I was born.”

“ I will be sincere with you,” said Emma, “ your offers of service command my utmost gratitude, and had your language been that of a common rustic, I should not have hesitated to have accepted them; but at present pardon me, if I judge a farther explanation necessary.”

“ I can easily forgive your suspicions lady,” returned the soldier, “ but if you will have patience to listen to my story, I may clear them away, and you will not hesitate to give me the satisfaction of effecting your deliverance.”

Emma assented; the evening was uncommonly pleasant, and she seated herself at her window to listen.

“ You have flattered me so far,” began

the young soldier, "as to suppose I was born to a higher situation in life than my present. I have no reason to be ashamed of my parents; but I assure you they were nothing higher than common labourers; for some service, which is foreign to my story, they had received a large compensation, upon which they determined to give me, who was their favourite, the advantage of going to a neighbouring school; the worthy clergyman, who was my instructor, was so much pleased with my progress, that with the consent of my parents he received me into his family as a servant. His slender income had never allowed him to marry—to live in the style of a gentleman. I was sincerely attached to him, my affection endeared me to him, and the generous man in a short time adopted me as his son. From that time he took uncommon pains to instruct me; I was delighted with study, and spent most of my time in his library, which contained every book whose fame was established either by its elegance or its literature. He intended, as he informed me, to procure
me

me a clerkship in a college of which he was a fellow, that I might take orders to be able to support myself without labour." The young man sighed deeply. "Forgive me, Madam," he continued, "the remembrance of those happy days, which never will return, brings with it the most painful regret. My benefactor died just as I reached my sixteenth year, and left me a poor helpless object on the wide and unpitying world.—Happy had it been for me if I had been brought up like my father, early inured to labour and to hardship, but I was enervated by indulgence and by sloth.—I understood no business, not even the laborious occupation of the husbandman, and I had no means of supporting myself; my parents scarce could earn sufficient for their own daily subsistence, how then could I endure to be an idle burthen upon them? In this emergency I had no one to whom I could apply, but a half brother, the son of my mother by a former marriage, who lived at some distance. But in my days of prosperity I had treated him with most cruel

disdain; I had refused to know him, and once when he called upon me affectionately to see me, I had driven him from the door with insult. How could I apply to him? what plea could I make to him whom I had treated with such baseness? I resolved rather to trust to my own strength than to submit to such wounding humiliation. But my strength seconded not my wishes, I could not earn subsistence; my clothes were all gone except one wretched suit—ragged, miserable, and hungry, I was compelled at length to apply to my insulted brother. I appeared before him blushing and trembling in silent shame; he started and smiled as he saw me, then surveying my miserable dress, his countenance changed, a tear filled his eye, and fondly taking my hand, ‘Oh! my brother! my brother!’ he cried.—The generous fellow, equally noble and delicate, ran hastily away, and returning presently put a few guineas in my hand without looking at me. ‘I am sorry it is no more, my poor Jem,’ said he, ‘but my sister’s burying, and my mother’s sickness, have been rather heavy.’

heavy.' He changed the subject instantly, before I had power to thank him. Oh, madam! how low, how abject did I appear at that moment!" The young soldier's voice faltered.—"Excuse my weakness lady," said he, "that kind, that tender hand which raised me from my misery is now cold—that honest, generous heart beats no longer; but I intrude on your time—let me proceed.—I would not receive all his bounty, I took a small part and hurried away; I could not endure his presence—the depression which I felt from his superiority was insufferable.—I was remarkably tall and strong of my age, and I yet hoped to be able to earn my subsistence, and with a sigh I bade a long adieu to all the delights of learning. I applied to a neighbouring farmer for employment, he looked earnestly in my face:—'Yes, young man,' said he, 'I have employment, if you will undertake it.' I assured him I was willing. 'Have you any objection to a red coat?' I thought I understood him, and despair prompted me to assure him that I had not. 'Then,' he continued, 'here

are fourteen guineas if you will be my substitute in the militia.' I agreed—I entered. Through all the miseries, the indescribable hardships of my present life my natural spirits support me.—I am not, nor ever can I be unhappy in any situation, and the best precept I have learned from all my studies is the folly of repining at the manner in which fate may compel us to pass through the empty vanity of life. I am now on furlough, chance and curiosity brought me to this island—to good fortune I must attribute my undertaking some trifling labours, which by detaining me here have put it in my power to assist distress; yet, perhaps, I am not established in your confidence.—Let not Miss Nevil fear to trust him who has shared the beneficence of Mr. Frederic Montague—the son of her who supported his dying mother. To my generous brother he owed his life, and oh! let me have to say, that to me the lady whom he loved has owed her liberty!"

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed the enraptured Emma, "then I have nothing to fear ;

fear; forgive my doubts, and be assured that I shall not hesitate to trust you, and one day, perhaps, I may be able in part to repay the obligation.'

"It is enough, madam," interrupted the young man, "I have detained you too long in the cold night air.—To-morrow evening then I will place a ladder under your window, and will be ready below to receive you; when you hear the sound of the horn I am at hand and all is ready, in the meantime farewell, lady."

The young foldier withdrew from before the window, before Emma had time to acknowledge her gratitude for his promised assistance. With a light heart she retired to her pillow, and tasted the sweetest repose she had known in many months before. It was late in the morning when she arose, the day was cheerful, and Emma spent it in looking to the shore beyond the dreary island which confined her; engaged in dwelling upon upon the sweet hope that she should soon reach the distant upland, and be beyond the power of her uncle. The evening at length

length arrived, her supper was served, and the girl retired for the night. Emma surveyed her watch perpetually, the hand already pointed almost to nine; her heart palpitated, she watched its slow progress with the most cruel impatience—it advanced—it reached the appointed hour—she arose and walked trembling to the window—she listened with intentness—all was silent;—still she looked at her watch—the hand passed the hour, and as it pursued its steady course, more painful became the perplexity of Emma.—She seated herself again, and waited in long suspense; an hour was almost elapsed—she listened at the window once more—but no horn sounded—she opened it—she repeated the name of the young soldier.—No sound was heard but the sighing of the wind through the solitary elm, which waved near her chamber; the hours chased each other, but no hope came with them, and the day began to dawn, when Emma, weary, listless, and desponding, threw herself on her bed to await the appearance of her attendant. She reflected on the conduct

duct of the soldier—she could not allow herself to suppose that he had voluntarily failed in his promise; but thought that some strange accident must have prevented his fulfilling it; this idea consoled her, and she hoped that her deliverance was delayed merely until another evening.

Her attendant was uncommonly loquacious this morning. After wearying Emma with innumerable absurd remarks, she continued:

“And so, Miss, what do you think has happened?”

Emma was rather startled; “happened,” she repeated, “no, certainly.”

“Why do you know Miss, that Jem Williams, the runaway soldier fellow, him you saw the day before yesterday in the yard, got took up yesterday, and sent to, I don’t no where, Miss, for desertion; and they say as how he’ll be flogged within an inch of his life.”

“Taken up and sent away,” repeated Emma, sighing with the deepest despair, “then I am undone.”

The girl heard her not, but proceeded to inform her that she was at liberty to take a walk with her when she pleased, an indulgence which was intended as a reward for her proper and submissive behaviour. Emma was not much in a state to enjoy this privilege ; but upon reflection, a distant hope that she might be so fortunate as to meet with some person whom she might prevail upon to assist her, induced her to take advantage of the new liberty allowed her ; in the mean time her own unhappiness did not prevent her commiserating the generous and unfortunate Williams, who was to suffer so severely for a fault, (as she conceived,) so inconsiderable.

Days followed each other, and no prospect of escape appeared ; her guide had prevented her addressing the few persons whom she met, and if by chance she saw any one of the house beneath her window, they regarded not her request to speak with them. She found that Nevil continually enquired after her, and had taken every precaution to prevent her escape. Emma now gave herself
up

up to despair; intolerable lassitude oppressed her, and she always wished the present day was gone, although no hope awaited on the morrow.

CHAP. X.

THUS passed the month of August.—Towards the end of the first week in September, Emma, almost weary of life, was surveying the fields from her window with melancholy apathy, when a distant sound struck her ear with uncommon pleasure—it was that of the welcome horn. She looked around with wild eagerness, but presently reproached herself for idle hope, since nothing was more common than the sound of the horn among the harvest men: but her doubts were soon at an end; in the next minute the welcome figure of the soldier once more appeared—once more he sounded his horn—then approached her window and bowed

bowed respectfully. Emma could scarcely recognise her promised deliverer, so much was his person altered; sickly paleness had taken place of the former bloom on his countenance, and dejection appeared instead of its former cheerfulness; he walked feebly, and his arm was supported in a sling.

“Miss Nevil!” cried he, raising his melancholy eyes, “may I hope before you condemn, that you will have the goodness to hear my unhappy story!”

“Make no apologies, my unfortunate friend,” cried Emma, “I did not suspect your honor at the time I was disappointed, and soon learnt that I had done you justice; my hopes revive now I see you once more, but I grieve to see you thus.”

“You are too kind,” said the young man, sighing, “but you must yet condescend to hear my justification; now I am humbled, cast down so low, I wish to preserve your good opinion. I had staid a few days beyond my furlough—I was seized as a deserter on the day that I had prepared every thing for your escape. Oh! Miss Nevil!

how

how poignant was my anguish at that moment when I reflected on your disappointment ! This, however, I could have prevented, but they would not allow me to approach your window—I had been betrayed by some persons whom I had entrusted, and thus the place of my retreat was discovered. I was punished severely for my misconduct, but that was of little importance while I reflected on your unhappy situation. I have since had the misfortune to break my arm—it was badly set—or I was too impatient I know not which—our surgeon is a man of skill—but I have lost its use—I am disabled and discharged.—Oh ! Miss Nevil ! I cannot assist you now—do not pity me, madam, I have lost my fortitude, and merit nothing but contempt.—One happy, one very happy circumstance I have learnt, my brother is alive, but I have not seen him. I have likewise heard”—the young man checked himself suddenly, “ I have fulfilled my purpose, I have explained my conduct to you, Miss Nevil. Farewell, madam, and I hope you may meet with one
who

who possesses as much inclination, and more ability to serve you. I will see my brother as soon as possible, he perhaps may be able to effect what I have attempted in vain."—He bowed, and was retiring.

Emma hastily recalled him :—" You may yet assist me," cried she, hastily, " wait one moment, I will send a note to Mr. Montague ; yet stay, you must apply to Mr. Haywood to gain intelligence of him."

" Mr. Montague !" repeated Williams, " Mr. Frederic Montague ?"

Emma answered in the affirmative, and the young man looked at her with a melancholy expression, shook his head, and again named his brother. Emma entreated him to explain himself, and in the same breath asked if he had received intelligence respecting Frederic. The young man hesitated long, but at last acknowledged that he had.

" He is well, I hope."

" Well,—yes Madam,—I have only heard a report."

" Ah ! you deceive me ! he is not well. Oh ! stay yet one moment—have you heard where he is at present ?"

“ At Montague-hall.”

“ Is it possible ?”

“ My mother had lately a noble present sent her by the desire, I believe, of Mr. Frederic ; and the servant told her he was returned—received—and forgiven.”

“ And why did you hesitate to communicate this joyful intelligence ?”

“ I did not, madam, I would tell you any thing that would give you pleasure.”

“ And what is the cause of your unwillingness to convey a letter to him ?”

“ My brother, madam, could effect your deliverance.”

“ Do you think then that no other person would undertake it ?”

“ Yes, many ; but do not urge me, madam, every thing will be explained, but not now.”

Some dreadful surmises crossed the mind of Emma ; she could account for the mysterious speeches of the young man in no other manner than by supposing Frederic had deserted her.—Oppressed by this idea, she sighed deeply.

“ Will

“ Will he not then assist me ?” she cried, “ has he forgotten me, now he is happy ?”

“ You do him injustice,” cried the young man, in a hurried voice, “ he would, but it is beyond his power to assist you.”

“ Why will you keep this mystery ?” cried Emma, with some warmth, “ tell me the worst, it cannot exceed my fears.”

“ You shall be obeyed, madam,” returned the young man, gravely, although heaven knows with what reluctance I undertake the painful task of ruining your peace of mind. Mr. Frederic Montague was brought home in such a state of misery and sickness as moved his uncle to grant forgiveness, which came too late.”

“ He is no more then !” exclaimed Emma, and uttering a loud shriek, sunk back senseless on the floor.

Dreadfully alarmed, the young soldier hastened to call some part of the family to her assistance, but seeing some person already in the chamber he retired, not wishing to be seen, since it might preclude him from the possibility of offering his future service to the
unhappy

unhappy Emma. Repenting that he had been prevailed upon to communicate his intelligence, and determining to return to the window in the evening, Williams walked slowly away towards the shore. The miserable Emma soon awakened to reflection on the dreadful intelligence she had received; she wept continually, fondly repeated the name of Frederic, and often painted in her fancy the beloved face which she was never to behold again, and kissed the circlet which she yet wore on her finger with agonising eagerness; but her tears would now flow no longer—a gloomy content stole upon her—she no longer wished to escape—since the world could now offer her no pleasure. The girl who attended her in vain teized her with questions concerning the cause of the accident. Emma neither answered, nor listened to her, and she was at length prevailed upon to leave her. Emma remained not long in the torpor of despair; the recollection of her mother suffering miserable inquietude on her account again roused the energy of her mind, and after some reflection she determined

mined to write to Mr. Haywood, and entreat his advice and assistance ; and as she had no doubt of seeing Williams again, to entrust the letter to his care, and wait the event with patience.

In the evening she again heard the horn under her window. She explained her purpose to the young man, and hastily threw him the letter. Williams promised to convey it immediately, and once more bidding her farewell, disappeared.

Emma now looked with sad tranquillity on her fate ; life had lost all its charms, yet she felt it her duty to support it for the sake of that mother who had suffered so much on her account. The more she reflected on her dreadful loss, the nearer the state of her mind verged towards distraction ; she endeavoured, with violent efforts, to drive the idea from her mind, and with great resolution put every memorial of him from her sight, for she reflected that no indulgence of grief would restore her Frederic ; but to suffer her own peace of mind to be destroyed, to appear before her mother with the countenance

tenance of despair, might destroy all the remaining hours of happiness of her affectionate parent. Thus reasoned the amiable Emma; and resolutely acting on her conviction, a few days restored tolerable composure to her heart; yet, sometimes the name of Frederic, accompanied by a tear, would escape her, and sometimes she would indulge herself by stealing one glance at the circlet of hair; but instantly correcting herself, and turning her thoughts to her escape, she presently recovered her tranquillity.

Thus did one lingering week pass away, and several days of another were gone, when she again saw the young soldier approaching her window. Emma felt a momentary emotion of pleasure.

“Once more, madam,” said he, as he observed her, “once more I must apologise to you for seeming to neglect your commands. I was so unfortunate as not to be able to wait upon Mr. Haywood for many days; I have again endured the miseries of sickness—they were however short; immediately on my recovery I repaired to Mr.

Haywood, and this is the answer I have received." The young man threw a letter into the chamber, and was retiring.

"Yet stay one moment," exclaimed Emma, "did you pass through B—? Did you hear—?"

"No, Madam, I would not delay my journey by going round so far, and I have heard nothing new."

Emma sighed.—"You saw Mr. Haywood?"

"I did, but he spoke not to me; and supposing it would be to no purpose to question him, since if he had any intelligence to communicate it would be in writing, I was likewise silent. I would have sent the letter, if possible, earlier, but I had no opportunity of procuring a conveyance; I was therefore under the necessity of waiting till it was in my power to bring it myself."

"Make no apologies," said Emma, "I am infinitely obliged to you for the trouble you have taken; have you seen your brother?"

"I denied myself that satisfaction until I had

had performed my duty," The young man bowed and retired, as at that instant some persons appeared. Emma closed the window, and opening the letter read as follows :

" MY DEAR EMMA,

" Your letter has relieved my mind from the intolerable anxiety upon your account which I have suffered, from the various reports which have been circulated concerning you. I will not delay, by commenting on the behaviour of your uncle. Reasons, with which you are but too well acquainted, restrained me from indulging the ardent desire I have to fly to your assistance ; it has cost me a great struggle, but I have no longer an independent right to act according to my inclination. I have, however, arranged a plan, not perhaps the most agreeable, but one which promises the best prospect of success. To inform your relations of your present situation at this time, would be of little avail ; Nevil would immediately hear

that the place of your concealment was discovered, and would, under some pretence, remove you to some more remote prison, and redouble his vigilance to secure you : open force would be still more distressing than what I have to propose, which is an immediate and secret escape. Do not, my dear Emma, let your delicacy be alarmed, let necessity plead an apology for the proposal, and I hope you will not hesitate to comply, and give me the happiness of being the means of once more placing you in the arms of those you love. The night after you receive this letter, at nine o'clock, a ladder will be placed under your window, and a servant (the only person in whose courage and fidelity I can put any confidence) will wait below to receive you, and conduct you to a boat, which I have given orders should be provided, and you will immediately be conveyed to F —, where your former maid-servant, Nancy Cowslip, will await you with a chaise, which will conduct you whither you choose to direct. I believe you know the young man whom I judge

worthy of executing my scheme, his name is William Freeman, who formerly lived in the service of Mr. Montague, and is the brother of the man who brought me your note, Farewell, my dear Emma, I hope you will not disapprove of my scheme; if you do, forgive my impertinence, and rest assured that nothing will be left unattempted to serve you by

Your faithful friend,

And affectionate cousin,

FRANCIS HAYWOOD."

Emma read this letter through with the trepidation of delight; her escape was now almost certain; once more she should hear the kind, the affectionate voice of her mother; once more she should be clasped to the heart of that truest friend; again she should see her kind relations—again know the blessings of liberty.—“Oh! but my poor Frederick!” she cried, while a bitter tear slowly rolled down her cheek, “you are gone! I never more shall look upon your face!” Emma instantly recollected

herself, and drove the idea from her; the struggle was violent, but reason was victorious, and she employed the remainder of the day in sweet anticipation of the pleasure of meeting those whom she loved.

Emma again began to dread a disappointment, and the day was spent in a state of suspense and impatience almost intolerable. It wore away, and the hour at length arrived; the night was dark and stormy; yet Emma leant out of her window, and looked eagerly towards the high and black sea wall, which extended far to the left; till at length, through the darkness as far as the horizon, a light, as of a star, gleamed on the summit of the wall. Emma gazed upon the phenomenon with doubt and apprehension; she shuddered with the coldness of the wind, and the violent agitation of the ancient elm appalled her; the time approached—it arrived—and in the instant the summit of a ladder softly rested on the window cell.

“Miss Nevil!” cried a voice, “it is the time—the torch is on the wall—all is ready—descend—descend!”

“Trembling

“ Trembling with hope and apprehension, Emma arose ; she extinguished the light which burnt beside her, and mounted on the window cell ; but her fears encreased at a confused noise which sounded below ; yet, with trembling haste she descended, and in the next instant some one seized her round the waist with a rough grasp, and the dreadful voice of Nevil broke upon her like a thunder clap.

“ So, Miss Emma ! so, madam ! this is your sport is it ? But you’re in too big a hurry—you an’t off yet.” He could utter no more—a blow of prodigious strength from before, at once compelled him to quit his hold, and levelled him with the earth ; another person caught Emma hastily in his arms, and ran with amazing swiftness, nor waited to take breath, until they were far from the house of Nevil. Suddenly he stopped and spoke—Emma lost all apprehensions when she heard herself addressed by the blunt and honest voice of Will.

He placed her on the ground. “ I hope you won’t be angry, miss,” cried he, “ that

I made so free ; but it could not be done no how else, and now I hope you'll make haste, for we are some way from the wall."

Emma thanked him with the utmost gratitude for her deliverance, and ran forward with as much speed as she was able. The torch on the summit still directed them ; they approached the wall at length, and ascended it, Will raised the torch on high.

" Ho, Edward !" are you ready ?

" Ready," returned a voice below ; at the same time somebody appeared from behind. Emma was again alarmed, but was instantly relieved when she recognized, by the light of the torch, the figure of Williams.

" Jem," cried Will, " go down first, and light the lady down, and I will see all safe up here ; but I think the old fellow has not forgot my blow yet."

Emma felt rather uneasy ; the descent was steep and slippery as far as she could discern, and below was an abyss of darkness ; but this was no time to listen to idle fears—superior dread gave her courage—she descended—and at length perceived a boat.

" Heaven

“Heaven be praised!” cried Williams, as he handed her in; “you are at length safe.”

“Oh! Miss Emma, Miss Emma! how glad I am to see you once more!” cried another voice, “and how glad Nancy will be.”

Emma recollected Edward, and thanked him with much pleasure. Will descended, extinguished the torch, and entering the boat it glided slowly along.

Emma now began to suffer herself to hope that her escape was certain, and her mind was filled with pleasurable reflections; when Edward, who sat at some distance, remarked,—

“And so Will, poor Mr. Frederic is gone they say.”

Will checked him with severity, but it was too late. Emma’s ideas turned at once, and for the first time she suffered herself to indulge them. Now his form arose fresh to her memory with all the manly grace which once adorned it; as mental images arise more perfectly in darkness than in the light,

and fancy paints them in loveliness superior to reality.—Long did Emma indulge the sweetly painful contemplation—then turned her face to the water and wept; and long she continued absorbed in the sad regret, forgetful of all the scene about, when suddenly the loud dashing of oars, and sounds of voices, aroused her attention, and alarmed her deliverers. The thick darkness of the night prevented them from discerning the cause of their alarm, but presently loud and repeated voices called upon them to stop their course. This command was, however, little attended to; Will urged the waterman to redoubled exertions. The man expostulated on the danger of the creek, and the necessity of caution in passing the banks of sand and mud; but an offer of increased reward presently silenced him—he rowed with the utmost vigour:—in a moment the boat struck upon a shoal of mud, and to move either way was impossible.

“I said how it would be,” cried the man.

“And can we move no farther?”

“Not

“Not

“ Not before the tide rises ”

“ Well Miss,” cried Will, “ they shall buy you dear if they do have you.”

Emma meanwhile, in a state of mind scarcely to be described, listened to the oars of her pursuers, and now they approached and struck against the side of the boat.

“ Is Miss Nevil in that boat ? ” inquired a voice.

“ Yes ! but what of that ? ”

No answer was made, but a person hastily sprung into the boat, and was approaching Emma, when Will, placing himself before her, roughly repulsed him.

“ Insolence ! ” exclaimed the stranger, “ who dares prevent me ? ”

“ Be off,” cried the other, “ you have no business here ; offer to go nigh the lady again, and I shall make free to knock you overboard.”

“ Not all the powers of heaven or earth shall keep me away,” cried the stranger, and was once more approaching. Will raised his heavy hand, and was about to execute his threat, when Emma, uttering a

loud shriek, darted by him, and wildly clasping her arms around the stranger's neck, repeated the name of Frederic !”

“ Oh ! my Emma ! my love !” cried he, “ do I hold you once more to my heart after this long separation, as true, as kind as ever ?” Emma could only answer by a flood of tears ; and Frederic taking her in his arms placed her in the boat which he had quitted, and ordered his waterman to row them back to F——. Emma, however, informing him of the station of the other boat, and desiring him not to leave her deliverers in that melancholy state, Frederic suddenly leaped back into the boat, and taking Will by the hand,—

“ Ha, my old friend !” he cried, Will ! is it you ? Your resistance alarmed me ; I was afraid your scheme had not succeeded, and that Miss Nevil had fallen into very different hands.”

Will and the whole party testified great joy upon perceiving that it was Frederic who spoke to them ; the former made several awkward speeches to apologise for his rudeness, but Frederic instantly checked him.

“ Think no more of it my friend,” said he; “ I must, if possible, esteem you more than I did before, for your earnest and courageous defence of my Emma.” He then desired them to come into his boat, which they instantly did, and he once more seated himself by Emma.

The time past swiftly, as the boat glided along, in sweet discourse, in congratulation upon the escape from past evils, and exultation at the prospect of future happiness.— Emma shed the sweet tears of reviving hope, as Frederic related to her his various adventures, which he concluded in the following manner :

“ It was late this afternoon, or rather this evening, when a letter was delivered to me ; I was surprised, upon opening it, to observe that it was signed by your cousin, Mr. Haywood, but how much more was I astonished at its contents. He informed me, that having that instant heard of my return to Montague hall, he had lost no time in communicating intelligence which could not fail of giving me surprise and
delight ;

delight; he had discovered the retreat of Miss Nevil—he had discovered that every report was false—in short, he referred me to a letter from yourself, which was enclosed.—I devoured the contents; my fears, my doubts, my suspicions were all removed; but, shall I confess my weakness? I felt rather uneasy, that among the friends you mentioned, with the hope of once more seeing, one name was omitted—a name which my Emma once condescended to hold dear. Do not interrupt me, my love, you cannot blame me more than I do myself for admitting the suspicion, after I had erred so widely in my former ones; a thousand apologies suggested themselves immediately for your omission, and I proceeded to finish your cousin's letter. He informed me of his intended plan to liberate you this evening, and I flew immediately to F——, to the no small surprise, I believe, of my friends, for I was in too much haste, and in too great agitation, to explain my intention. I feel no small pain at the reflection upon what their uneasiness must be, on my
account,

account, at this moment, when I believe that Delaval and your cousin must be arrived at Montague hall, this being the evening on which they were expected. But we approach the village, and in a short time I hope to introduce my Emma to the happy party.

“And my mother,” said Emma, “may I hope to have the pleasure of seeing her too?”

“Mrs. Nevil was earnestly invited by my uncle, but Delaval intimated in his letter that she would prefer spending the evening at L——, where preparation was making for her reception; but we will call upon her, and I hope shall prevail with her to alter her intention.”

As soon as they had landed, Frederic sent his servant to B——, ordering him to proceed at full speed, that his family might be relieved from their alarm on his account, and conducted Emma to a miserable kind of inn, to which he was directed by Will, until the chair could be prepared which was sent by Haywood.

“Nancy, who afraid of venturing upon the

the water, had awaited them with great impatience, upon seeing her beloved mistress enter, screamed with pleasure, and running towards her threw her arms about her neck with the honest and inconsiderate freedom of innocent affection, and sobbed aloud : Emma kissed her with great kindness, and expressed great pleasure at seeing her.

“ Ah, my dear Miss Emma !” cried Nancy, “ I never thought to see you no more ; and now you’ll take me again, won’t you, and never turn me away no more ?”

Will looked very much displeased at this speech.

“ What are you thinking of Nancy,” cried he, “ Miss Nevil, I dare say, does not choose you to make so free ; besides,” he hesitated, “ I thought you were not going to service any more ?”

Nancy reddened, and cast down her eyes ; then contracting her pretty features into an expression of as much scorn as they were capable of, she bade him be silent, in a tone of severity. Emma and Frederic smiled on each other. The chaise was now ready, and Frederic arranged the plan on which they

were to proceed; he determined to take Emma immediately to L—, and if possible to persuade Mrs. Nevil to accompany him to the hall. Williams he directed to ride the horse on which himself had come to F—: Will and Nancy were to hire a cart, and Edward was to walk over the fields, and all were to proceed to Montague hall. “For,” added he, “late as it is, I have promised myself a satisfaction this evening which I will not lose, that of seeing all my friends together, and as happy as myself.”

He then handed Emma into the chair, and drove swiftly away. The night was now cleared, and the wind had dispersed the clouds, and Emma looking towards the horizon to the right, uttered a sigh of pleasure.

“Yonder is L—,” she said, “we shall soon arrive.”

And now they approached—they descried the surrounding fields—and many a place which brought back pleasing and painful ideas. At length the stile and the ancient ash appeared. Frederic pressed Emma’s hand,

hand, and pointing, "do you remember that?" he whispered, in an agitated voice. Emma answered by a deep sigh, and gazed intently on the interesting spot, until it disappeared behind the rising ground. Now, as they approached, her emotions were more tumultuous—she trembled—her breath failed her—and the pleasure of expectation grew almost painful—and now they entered the yard. Emma, without one moment's reflection, flew into the parlor, and caught her mother in her arms.

"See, madam," exclaimed Frederic, with triumphant exultation, "I restore you your daughter!"

"Is it possible!" cried Mrs. Nevil, as soon as astonishment would allow her utterance; "am I not deceived—I once more see my child? Oh! my Emma." She burst into tears, and sunk upon the neck of her daughter.

As soon as the first emotions were subsided, mutual explanations took place.—Mrs. Nevil related, that after the confinement of Emma, and her brother's cruel
behaviour

behaviour to herself, she had remained some days at E——, and had sent him many messages, entreating him to respect her right to the person of her daughter. Wearied at length by his refusals, she had applied to Mr. Walford for advice, who immediately threatened him with a legal action. Nevil grew submissive, assured him that Miss Nevil was no longer under his care, and entreated him to come to E——, to assure himself of the fact. Mr. Walford did so, Emma was not to be found, and the letter was shewn him which she had written by Nevil's order, the direction, however, he had concealed. Mr. Walford supposed that Emma had escaped with Frederic, and having sought him in vain at Yelverton's, he was confirmed in that idea. Nothing new having occurred to authenticate it, and neither of them appearing, Mrs. Nevil had endured the most torturing state of fear and perplexity, until this happy evening, which put a period to all her sorrows.

Frederic again detailed his adventures.—

“When I think upon my misfortunes,”
pursued

performed he, in conclusion, "I am ashamed to reflect upon the little fortitude I have shewn; ever despairing—ever repining—every blessing was gradually withdrawn from me, and it was not until I reached the lowest depth of despair, that I made an attempt to rise superior to my fate; suspicion, jealousy, and discontent have hitherto embittered my existence, but I have received a severely salutary lesson on each, and I trust I shall hereafter profit by it. My Emma, and you, my dear madam, are acquainted with my faults—I have concealed nothing from you; if my base suspicions can be forgiven—if my Emma will yet consent to unite her destiny to one whose melancholy and suspicious temper has been a burthen to himself—but who sees his error and has forsaken it—oh! let this night confirm my happiness. My uncle wholly approves my choice, and authorises me to make proper proposals."—Frederic hesitated and paused.

"Speak my love," said Mrs. Nevil, "my consent is already given, and never have I retracted it."

Frederic

Frederic looked eagerly towards her, who was now to decide his fate. Emma blushed, and held her hand out to him; he imprinted a thousand kisses on it, and expressed his gratitude in the warmest terms; he then ventured to propose their joining the party at the hall.

Mrs. Nevil smiled, and thanking him, added, "but, my dear sir, you must excuse us; this one evening we must spend together, it is many days since we have had that pleasure, and pardon me, if I say that company at this time would restrain our happiness."

Frederic understood her hint, and once more expressing his gratitude, respectfully taking leave of Mrs. Nevil, and fondly pressing the hand of Emma, withdrew.

CHAP. XI.

FREDERIC ran hastily to B—. Cecilia meeting him in the hall, attacked him with amazing volubility, reproving him for alarming them, and what was worse, keeping her in a state of the most tormenting curiosity.

“Well,” continued she, “so the Walfords are come, the most charming people in the world! Oh! I’m enraptured!—As to Mr. Delaval and his lady, they are—don’t be angry—I don’t mean to say they are not worthy kind of people—oh! I dare say they are—but don’t you think they are a little stupid?—that is not stupid—but grave—dull—and—but stop—don’t go yet—I have twenty things to say that they must not hear. Why what have you done with Mrs. and Miss Nevil? I long to see them—are they coming?”

coming? Oh, no! they would have come with you, I suppose—well, come—go up—they all long to see you, and I must insist upon your falling in love with the Walfords.”

They now entered the room; the first person he observed was Delaval, he rose to meet him, and shaking his hand with warmth, expressed great pleasure at meeting him. He presented his Caroline, who received the compliments of Frederic with a friendly smile. The Walfords were now introduced to him; Frederic was struck with the elegant manners and open countenance of Walford, yet he felt as if it recalled something painful to his remembrance; but when he contemplated the lovely countenance of Fanny, wholly off his guard from sudden surprise, “is it possible!” he exclaimed. Cecilia, who sat behind her whispering in her ear, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, in which, notwithstanding her efforts and attempts to check herself, the lively Fanny likewise joined.—Frederic stood confounded and abashed.

“I beg

"I beg ten thousand pardons, Mr. Montague," at length said Mrs. Walford, "but really I believe we had the pleasure of meeting once before at the camp at D——."

"False, ungrateful girl!" exclaimed Cecilia, and renewed her laughter.

"Really," said Walford, "these ladies are too severe, Mr. Montague, especially since family likenesses are so very strong that a mistake was natural."

Frederic was too much delighted at having his last doubt removed, and too happy in his heart to be hurt by a little raillery, and he joined in it with so much good humour, that Cecilia could not forbear complimenting him on it. Frederic gazed upon Fanny for some time, wondering at his mistake; she resembled Emma, indeed, but he considered her infinitely inferior in beauty, and not so tall or so elegant in person.

The conversation became general and chearful. Frederic apologised for the absence of Mrs. and Miss Nevil, which was much lamented by [the whole party. Mr. and Mrs. Montague were delighted with
their

their new visitors, and every face wore a smile, for every heart was happy. Cecilia's happiness appeared conspicuous above the rest, Fanny was an excellent counterpart, and their mirth, wit, and volubility afforded entertainment to the rest of the party till a late hour.

In the morning a message was sent, inviting Mrs. Nevil and her daughter to breakfast. Mr. Montague surveyed the destined wife of his Frederic with great satisfaction; her beauty, her modesty and good sense shone superior. Cecilia, apt to take sudden impression, was charmed, and could hardly conceal her rapture. Mrs. Walford was now completely rivalled in her estimation, and she giddily whispered to her husband that Emma was the sweetest girl in the world. In fact, Cecilia was ashamed of the former contempt with which she had spoken of her, and she wished to be reconciled to herself by bestowing upon her the most lavish praise.

After breakfast Delaval proposed a shooting party, which Walford, throwing himself indolently upon a sofa, declared was in-

sufferable; and yawning, said he should dedicate his time to the entertainment of the ladies. Frederic was much inclined to pursue the same plan, but both their objections were over-ruled, and the party was agreed upon. They had rambled far, when Delaval and Frederic separating from the rest of the party, and wearied with the length of the walk, threw themselves on the grass, and began conversing on the past misfortunes of their lives; when Frederic requested Delaval to relate to him every thing which had happened since their meeting at the Ship.

"You are giving me an unpleasant task, my friend," said Delaval, "since I must begin with reproaching you, and that very severely, for denying me a very great pleasure."

"I had rather," interrupted Frederick, "have the narrative without comments."

"It is a very short one," pursued Delaval, "the material points of which I believe you already know. After many fruitless attempts to see you, I prevailed upon my

*

Caroline

Caroline to accompany me to London. I need not describe to you the joy of meeting between those amiable sisters—the countenance of my love speedily cleared, the prospect of living with her sister gave her indescribable pleasure ; and, except when a few painful recollections would intrude, she became almost as chearful as Fanny herself. She now fully explained the adventure at the theatre ; those unhappy women, from whose power you had delivered her, had declared themselves sisters, who lived upon a genteel independence, but who were happy to encrease their society by the addition of an accomplished young person, and until that evening Caroline suspected not that they were otherwise than what they appeared to be ; but their behaviour then too plainly demonstrated their real character. But to pursue my story. The party with Mrs. Nevil determined to spend some time at Ramsgate ; thither, after many fruitless attempts to see you, I followed them. Our life since that time has been too uniform to be interesting in detail. I now look forward

ward with impatience to the time which shall behold me united to my Caroline, a period, which respect to the memory of her father still places at some distance. I have received an affectionate letter from my brother; he is married very happily, and mentions, with much anxiety, that he hopes all former coolness between us will be forgotten, and bitterly regrets the pain he once gave to the bosom of our amiable parent, who is gone for ever. My reconciliation with my friend Dalby has made me perfectly happy; I neglected, because I despised him—his apparent behaviour to you merited my contempt; but that unfortunate circumstance being explained, he has risen higher than ever in my esteem."

"From all the circumstances of our lives," said Frederic, "I cannot but observe, my friend, how many of our sufferings have owed their origin to imagination alone—to giving credit too hastily to appearances.—Happiness now lies before us, but it is not circumstance, it is not situation, which will ensure it; and we shall, perhaps, owe our enjoyment

enjoyment of it to the useful lesson which our past suffering teaches us, never to admit into our bosoms the monster suspicion; let evil approach us—let us not anticipate its effects—let us curb the wildness of imagination; for, as the monsters which haunt our fancies are more frightful than any forms which exist—so are the miseries which we picture, more dreadful than those of reality; the pleasure of the present fleets away, while we are reflecting upon misfortunes which may never arrive; and when real sorrow comes, which sometimes must come to all, our past miseries shall teach us to bear them with patience, though they may appear hopeless; for often have we experienced the effects, yet fully have we proved the folly of despair.”

The rest of the party now joined them, and they returned to the hall. Frederic once more mentioned to his uncle the wish next his heart. Montague had now no objection to make; perhaps, had not the fortune of Miss Nevil been changed, he would not have raised any, since he thought no concession on his part could ever make
sufficient

sufficient atonement for his injustice and cruelty towards Frederic. He however slightly expressed a wish that the marriage might be deferred, until they were a few years older; but this was over-ruled by the earnest intreaties of Frederic, seconded by the arguments of Dr. Evans in favour of early marriages.

His own happiness being fixed, Frederic began to reflect upon that of others, and receiving a *carte blanche* from Montague, (who now considered him as his son) to act according to his own discretion; his first object was to express his gratitude to the man who had preserved his life, and restored his Emma to liberty—services which he rated much higher than the person who had conferred them had done. Will, with a heart chearful from the consciousness of having acted right, blest with youth, health, and hope, had quietly and contentedly returned to his labour, dwelling with sincere delight on one recollection,—the promise which his Nancy had given to share his poverty with him, as soon as the year was at an end,
when

when he heard that he was become master of the farm which Montague had held himself, and his Nancy had received from the hands of Miss Nevil a fortune equal to that which had been given her by George, and which had been wasted by her family.

Edward received a handsome present, and the amiable and unfortunate Williams, having by care and attention recovered the use of his arm, by the interest of George Dalby obtained a commission in the army. Frederic did not forget his old fellow-servants at West H—; he made each a large present, and Joshua, convinced, after repeatedly surveying him, that the gentleman before him was the same poor Fred Nevil who had so lately been working with him in the field, with a look of immense sagacity observed, “That it had always run in his head, that *Fred was not what he was.*”

The next arrangement which took place was the residence of the families; George and Cecilia offered to relinquish the hall for the reception of Frederic, as Cecilia observed, “that the HEIR OF MONTAGUE
ought

ought to occupy the family seat ;” but Frederic more attached to L——, with the permission of Montague, determined to build an elegant villa there, and insisted that Mrs. Nevil should constantly reside with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Dalby, finding that their son would figure no more in genteel life, treated him with great coolness, and refused his frequent invitations to the hall : to the generous and affectionate heart of George, this behaviour gave frequent uneasiness ; but as so many objects of consolation surrounded him, the gloom was transient ; and to give up their present plan, in conformity to the wishes of parents who could treat him with unkindness for so trifling an offence, he judged too great a sacrifice ; and Cecilia observed, “ It is very lucky the good old folks have taken it into their heads to be affronted, for upon my word, my dear George, begging your pardon, they are two of the most tiresome people in the world.— The Walfords, the Delavals, (that is you know they *will be* the Delavals,) my father and

and mother, dear Mrs. Nevil, my good Frederic and his lady, (oh ! I love her above all things,) they I say will be quite company enough for us, and when we all get tired of each other, it will be time enough to go into the *world* to oblige your amiable father and mother."

It was on a beautiful afternoon, not long before the day which was to see them united, that Frederic led his Emma to the stile so interesting, from the ideas which it recalled.—Long they conversed on the sorrows which were passed as a dream, and fondly dwelt upon their present happiness, when Frederic uttering a deep sigh, pressed the hand of Emma, which he held ; his eyes were fixed on his watch—on the lovely portrait of his mother.

" Dear unhappy parent !" at length he cried, " could you now witness the happiness of your child—could you now see him without a wish on earth—how would that happiness be encreased !—but that can never be ! Forgive me, my love," pursued he, observing a tear glisten in the eyes of Emma, " that I interrupt the joy of such a moment

as

as this, by unreasonable melancholy, but those features caught my eye; look on them, my dear Emma, such was the parent whose hours were always those of bitterness."

Emma gazed with earnestness upon the miniature. At length, "do not be so unjust," she said, "as to call this melancholy unseasonable; let us often renew it my Frederic—let us often speak of your lovely parent, who is now numbered among the happy! Now, indeed, around us all is bright, but yet all is uncertain; clouds may intervene—sorrow may for a while return—and death, the last of human evils, may long separate us; but through all those transitory sorrows this sweet image shall cheer us, as in scenes of pleasure it shall soften our joys, and on the bed of death shall beckon us to meet again in higher and more durable felicity."

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